The Outlook

JUNE 5, 1918

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On account of the war and the consequent delays in the mails, both in New York City and on the railways, this copy of The Outlook may reach the subscriber late. The publishers are doing everything in their power to facilitate deliveries

THE PRESIDENT MAKES TAXES ATTRACTIVE

In an eloquent and persuasive address to Congress on Monday of last week President Wilson laid before Congress and the people the task that lies ahead of them in providing money for the war. Taxation is an intricate and difficult subject and has been made unnecessarily intricate and difficult by the laws which Congress has passed; and it is proof of the earnestness and fighting spirit of the American people that they have paid their taxes cheerfully even while protesting against the complexity and inequality of the tax laws. Now the President has found it necessary to tell the people that they will have to pay more taxes, and he has done it in a way to evoke a patriotic and even enthusiastic response. He has placed the payment of taxes on the high level of service to the country and the cause for which we are fighting. And he has reconciled Congress to the disagreeable duty of laboring over a tax bill in the heat of a Washington summer while Congressional elections approach. The reason for the President's effectiveness in this speech is that by it he has made even clearer than in his Red Cross speech in New York that he is bent on leading this country to victory, and he expects the country to be powerful and united.

Recognizing the weariness that must be consequent upon the almost continuous sessions of Congress since months before we entered the war, and the natural inclination for members of Congress to wish to be in their home districts as elections draw near, the President told Congress that "we dare not go to the elections until we have done our duty to the full," and that "the facts are tonic and suffice to freshen the labor."

There are two duties that the President has laid before Congress: one is to prepare the tax for next year early, so that the people may know how much of their earnings of this year they must lay aside for the Government's use, the other is to remedy the inequalities which mar the present Tax Law.

Warning the country that the four billions now provided for by taxation will not be enough to meet the increasing cost of the war, and that raising too large a proportion of revenues by loans would cause demoralizing inflation, the President does not attempt to go into details by telling Congress, for example, whether it should pass an additional revenue law or should make a new tax law that would take the place of the existing law, but contents himself with pointing out three objects of taxation—incomes, war profits, and luxuries.

He was emphatic in stating that the way to deal with profiteers is to take their war profits by taxation and remain deaf to the profiteers' lobbyists.

There is no doubt that the duty of Congress is not to add an ell to the present tax structure, but to tear the present one down and build a new one in its place; and we think this is a fair inference from what the President says.

At this time, which the President called "the very peak and crisis" of the war, when "hundreds and thousands of our men, carrying our hearts with them and our fortunes, are in the field, and ships are crowding faster and faster to the ports of France and England with regiment after regiment, thousand after thousand, to join them until the enemy shall be beaten and brought to reckoning with mankind," at this time especially when the expected drive on the western front has begun, the President found a fitting occasion to impress it upon Congress that there must be "no pause or intermission," and that our ship programme, our munition programme, our programme for making millions of men ready, are "mere plans upon paper unless there is to be an unquestionable supply of money."

In calling Congress to the arduous task of providing this supply, the President made it plain that the people of the country are worthy of Congress's trust. "Politics is adjourned," said the President. "The elections will go to those who think least of it; to those who go to the constituencies without explanation or excuses, with a plain record of duty faithfully and disinterestedly performed. . . . The people of this country are not only united in the resolute purpose to win this war, but are ready and willing to bear any burden and undergo any sacrifice that it may be necessary for them to bear in order to win it. We need not be afraid to tax them, if we lay taxes justly. . . . I have always been proud to be an American, and was never more proud than now, when all that we have said and all that we have foreseen about our people is coming true. The great days have come . . . when they see at last the high uses for which their wealth has been piled up and their mighty power accumulated, and counting neither blood nor treasure, now that their final day of opportunity has come, rejoice to spend and to be spent through a long night of suffering and terror, in order that they and men everywhere may see the dawn of a day of righteousness and justice and peace."

MEN OF DRAFT AGE TO FIGHT OR DO REAL WORK

The phrase generally employed to describe the new order of Provost-Marshal Crowder is brief and forceful. But "work or fight" does not precisely describe the scope of the order. Its purpose is to secure for the country the services of all men who are of the draft age. They must either enter military or naval service or they must do some form of work which is distinctly of value to the country in its war effort. This means that young men of the draft age, but exempt from going to the front because of physical inability or dependent families, must be employed in doing things that are necessary either directly to push the war or to provide those useful things which civilians must have. As a matter of course, those who are exempted from fighting because they are already at work in providing what is necessary for war are not affected by the order. There are many forms of employment which are perfectly proper and often commendable, but which are not of economic or war consequence. In these employments it will now be necessary to use men who are not within the limits of the draft age—that is, between twenty-one and thirty-one.

Just how far this distinction will be carried is not certain. Probably the rule will become more and more drastic as time goes on. The new provision becomes effective on July 1. One effect will undoubtedly be to expand the number of forms of work in which women may be properly and efficiently utilized. In England, as is well known, this has been carried to an astonishing extent. Another effect which will be distinctly beneficial and much needed will be to "comb out" idlers and loafers, and thereby do for the Nation as a whole what is being done by the special laws which have been passed by some States—of which we speak on the next page.

Among the classes of service in which the young man of draft age will not be allowed to work are those of clerks, store salesmen, domestic servants, waiters, elevator men, bartenders, footmen, butlers, kitchen helpers. Actors are specifically exempted; baseball, the next most popular recreation to the theater, is not. Another class subject to this order is rightly and positively noted as that of idlers. This includes also gamblers of all kinds, employees of bucket shops and race-tracks, fortune-tellers, and palmists. We do not imagine that the Government will find very many thousand young men in this class; but, however many

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of them there may be, and however difficult it may be to lay hands on them, every one heartily hopes that they will quickly be in khaki or in overalls.

The country will accept the new plan, although with perhaps a little grumbling because of the undoubted inconvenience involved. The universal purpose of the American people is to win the war. There has been almost a total disappearance of the element of objectors and lukewarm upholders of the flag. One evidence of the change for the better in this respect is the cheerfulness with which inconveniences and minor deprivations are now accepted.

NEW YORK'S ANTI-LOAFING LAW

Besides having to be prepared to adapt himself to General Crowder's order after July 1, the idler in New York State after June 1 will have to beware of the police and other peace officers. This is the result of a statute which illustrates the fact that legislation in one State not infrequently affects a neighboring State. This has just been shown by the experience of the New York City Mission Society. It has a Bowery missionary whose prime duty it is to minister to the lodging-house population. In the Bowery, between Cooper Union and Chatham Square, the lodging-houses have about seven thousand beds for men. In the winter those beds are always full. Last winter, however, the Bowery missionary reported repeatedly that the lodging-houses were half empty. This was doubtless owing to the fact that in this present period any capable man can find work. About six weeks ago, however, the Bowery missionary reported that the lodging-houses were "crammed full." When asked why, he replied: "Jersey legislation." This meant that under the new anti-loafing and compulsory labor law of that State a large part of the New Jersey crowd that did not relish steady work had emigrated to New York City, where it might pick up odd jobs and rest betweentimes.

The number of loafers, not only in New York City, but also throughout New York State, since the New Jersey anti-loafing law went into effect has perceptibly increased. It will be, therefore, a satisfaction to citizens of the Empire State to realize that now they have an anti-loafing law of their own. Governor Whitman's signing of the necessary legislation was the prompter because, as he says: "I am informed that if this bill is not signed, many undesirable persons will continue to come to this State from New Jersey in order to escape the operation of the law in that State."

The New York State Act is modeled in many of its features on the laws now in effect in other States. Like those in Maryland and New Jersey, it applies to men between the ages of eighteen and fifty—the West Virginia law is more drastic, the ages being from sixteen to sixty. By the provisions of the New York State Act, every man in New York State (and, according to the Act, any male person found in the State is a resident) between the age limits mentioned must be able to prove that he is engaged in some lawful, useful, and recognized occupation. The only exempt classes are students preparing themselves for a definite occupation and workmen out of employment because of temporary labor differences. But no person is excused from accepting employment on the ground that the compensation is inadequate if the wage is that usually paid in the locality for that class of work. Persons of wealth are not excused from work, and the State Industrial Commission may assign them to tasks if they plead ample income as a reason for non-employment.

In particular, loitering in streets, saloons, depots, hotels, pool-rooms, and other places of congregation will be considered *prima facie* evidence of violation of the law. Penalties are a fine of $100 or three months in jail, or both.

The Act should immediately interest those who make their living by gambling or by selling drugs, as well as the so-called "lounge lizards," station loiterers, confidence men, "cadets," corner gangsters, and hotel rounders.

New York State and New York City are liable to become uncomfortable instead of comfortable places of residence for these persons. There is no other State or city in the whole country, we believe, where the operation of an anti-loafing and compulsory labor law will be more welcome.

THE NEW BATTLE OF THE AISNE

At last, on May 27, the Germans have attacked anew and in a new quarter—on the Aisne front.

The offensive was, in fact, a double one, for simultaneously German forces struck at a vital spot in the defensive line in Flanders, on the line between Locre and Ypres, and near to the former place. If the enemy penetrates this line, a comparatively open road lies before him toward the sea. But a serious attack here by the Germans on April 29 was so battered back and smashed by the Allies that it is quite likely that the attack in this section on May 27 was more or less of a cover, and that the attack in the south was the main object. At all events, up to May 28 the attack in Flanders has been of no avail.

The battle of the Aisne is still going on as we write. Field Marshal Haig reports on May 28 that the enemy's attack had carried him across the Aisne to the west of the British sector, and that the enemy was developing attacks of great strength on the whole Aisne front. General Foch is said to be throwing in his reserves at the juncture of the British and French forces. Apparently the German attack is along a front of about twenty miles, and the farthest depth of advance at this writing has been five or six miles. The Germans claim to have occupied the entire Chemin-des-Dames, the famous highway which runs east and west parallel to and just north of the Aisne River. Over this "Ladies' Road" the French and Germans have fought desperately more than once in the past.

It is too early to predict results or to analyze motives as to this new offensive. The number of divisions engaged and the length of the front do not favor the theory, still held by some, that the entire attack is a blind to a new offensive in Picardy or Flanders. On the other hand, it would be hard to co-ordinate German gains made in the Aisne sector with their former gains farther north. Indeed, it may be argued that the present offensive indicates that the Germans have given up for the present the project of pushing through to the coast, and that they are trying to impress the world and divert attention from a substantial failure in the north by attacking fiercely in a region where, to use a commercial expression, "they can make the best show with the least cost."

It may be that the German people at home will take the gains here as promise of a new march on Paris, which is only fifty-five miles from Soissons, not far south of the Aisne. But others will remember that Germany has been south of the Aisne before—yes, and south of the Marne also—and that at the same time she was then in possession of Amiens. The Allies drove her back then, and believe that they may and will drive her back again. Every one knows that the defection of Russia meant an expansion of Germany's man power and gun power on the west this summer. The Allies have for the present the hard and trying part of holding firm, fighting for every inch of ground, and biding their time until the added weight of America's "force to the utmost," to use President Wilson's words, has become a mighty factor.

OTHER WAR HAPPENINGS OF A WEEK

Apart from the new German attacks, the war news of the week contained the record of incidents both encouraging and sorrowful. Thus, the torpedoing by submarine of the British transport Moldavia in the southern part of the English Channel involved a total loss of fifty-five American soldiers, two of whom were non-commissioned officers. The Moldavia was carrying about five hundred soldiers, but whether she was on her way from England to France, as was at first said, or was proceeding in another direction, has not been officially told. The American soldiers who were lost were in the depths of the ship near the part pierced by the torpedo. They had no possibility of escape. As the attack took place in the night, it appears that they should not have been in this part of the ship, and should not have been allowed to be there, because one of the primary rules of transporting troops is that soldiers must be on deck or as near to it as it is possible to be when the ship is passing through submarine-infested waters.

There have been extremely favorable reports of the progress made by the Allies in combating the submarine menace. There

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is no doubt whatever that the proportion of losses of ships is decreasing, while that of losses of submarines is increasing. A recent despatch from London gives the welcome information that the total tonnage of ship construction is now rapidly approaching that of the tonnage destroyed, and may, indeed, already have equaled it.

Another recent war incident should never be forgotten. The attack upon British hospitals behind the lines by German airplanes made on May 19 was not by any means the first attack of its kind. It was, however, of peculiar atrocity. A large fleet of German airplanes deliberately, as seems certain, dropped scores of huge bombs on hospital grounds and buildings. The whole great field in which the hospitals are situated is marked with the utmost plainness. It is incredible that the Germans did not recognize the signs. Moreover, not satisfied with the first attack, the airplanes returned a second time and bombed hospitals filled with wounded men. Two at least of the nurses were killed outright, and many of them, as well as several doctors and a considerable number of the patients, were wounded. The captain of one of the German airplanes, which was brought down by gun-fire, said: "If the British build their hospitals near railways, they must expect to get them bombed." This callous remark is almost equivalent to saying that there should be no hospitals, for the whole country in that vicinity is criss-crossed by railways.

Discussion still continues as to the number of American soldiers abroad. What seems to be a press despatch approved by the authorities in Washington declares that the United States will have a million men in France by July 1, and another similar statement indicates that about seven hundred thousand men are over there now. This of course includes large numbers of men who are now destined for the fighting line. On the other hand, it is quite probable that the recent statement by Lloyd George which has attracted so much attention referred to combatants only. Mr. Lloyd George's statement, as reported in despatches from Edinburgh, where he made the address in which the remark occurred, was that, "while the United States was rushing its men into France, the present strength of those armies was not the equivalent of one-fifth of the fighting strength which was gained by the Teutonic allies through the collapse of Russia."

One bit of war intelligence of the week will rejoice the many American friends and admirers of Captain Norman Hall, the aviator and the author of "Kitchener's Mob," of "High Adventure," now appearing in the "Atlantic Monthly," and of many other notably fine war articles, one of which we had the pleasure of printing in The Outlook. Captain Hall had been missing for some time, and it had been supposed that he had met his death over the German lines. It now appears that he was wounded, but not fatally, and that he is a prisoner in Germany. This is the second time that a report of Captain Hall's death in action has proved incorrect.

GENERAL WOOD

Americans, without distinction of party, we believe, will be disappointed at the report that the War Department has relieved General Wood of the active command of the Eighty-ninth Division of the National Army and assigned him to the command of the Western Department, with headquarters at the Presidio, San Francisco. His new command is almost wholly administrative, and he is thus relieved of active military duties in France. The New York "World," whose political sympathies are strongly with the Administration, has made the following editorial comment:

> The news that General Leonard Wood is to be kept in this country while the division whose training he is completing will go abroad under his second in command will give every fair-minded man a bad taste in the mouth.
>
> General Wood has undoubtedly been offensive in his attitude toward the Administration and the military high command. But that aggressive antagonism should have been punished either by court-martial or not at all—certainly not by permanent internment in the United States.
>
> General Wood may not be the genius that many of his supporters consider him, but well over one hundred generals have now gone abroad, and there must certainly be some among this number with whose military talents those of General Wood can favorably compare.

With the protest involved in this comment we think a very large majority of Americans, without regard to party, will agree. We hope that before this issue reaches its readers the President—who has declared that "politics is adjourned"—will have overruled the decision of the War Department and will have decided to make use of General Wood's abilities in a way that will be at least approximately adequate. In the meantime the country will admire the spirit in which General Wood has accepted what must be a profound disappointment to him. His only comment upon the order which has suddenly removed him from active military service in the war was: "I am a soldier and stand ready to obey any order that is given me."

ITALY THREE YEARS IN WAR

Three years ago, on May 24, 1915, Italy entered the ranks of the Allies. There never was any hesitation in Italy as to the question whether she was bound to Germany by the Triple Alliance. The most vital conditions of that alliance had been contemptuously broken by Germany and Austria. So far as Italy hesitated at all, it was as to whether her duty and national future called upon her to be neutral or to fight Germany and Austria. The decision followed an Allied reverse (at the Dujanec), and that alone gave the lie to the German sneer that Italy was "waiting to see which way the cat jumped." From the beginning Italy's armies fought brilliantly, and especially have achieved marvels in the conquest of difficult positions in the Alps. Again, after the disaster last fall, caused largely by German intrigue and falsehood, the Italian army rallied splendidly, and it has ever since held a line of defense which at first seemed impossible.

It is a matter of congratulation that the anniversary of the Italian entry into the war comes just after the news that Italy's strength is so far restored that she is able to give valuable asistance in the great struggle which is going on on the western front. Reports just received state that the Italian contingent now on that front is a splendid body of men, and that their strength is the reverse of negligible. At the same time comes the welcome news that American troops are soon to appear on the Italian fighting line along the Piave. Secretary Lansing, commenting on President Wilson's telegram of congratulation to the Italian people, said: "To-day America, youngest of the great Powers of the earth, is proud to cross the seas and to stand side by side with the most ancient Power of Europe in upholding the standard of democracy."

The anniversary was celebrated with enthusiasm by Italians all over the world. The demonstration in New York was notably beautiful. The parade included a large number of automobiles profusely decorated with flowers and with the Italian colors. Incidentally it brought home to most of the Americans the fact that we have an exceedingly large number of Italian people in this country who are refined, cultivated, and valuable citizens, many of them holding commercial and financial occupations of importance.

Welcome, doubly welcome at this time, is the word that Italy has come to an understanding with the Slavs as to their mutual relations. The fact that on the Adriatic littoral there are both Italians and Slavs under Austrian rule has been an occasion for friction between the Slavic and Italian peoples, who ought to be allies. Now that Russia has disappeared as a protector of the Slavs under alien masters, Italy takes her place. Italy's action now justifies the faith that we have had in her.

An interesting development of the friendly relations between Italy and America is seen in the report just issued of the work of the "American Poets' Ambulances in Italy." This work has been carried on here by a committee of which Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson is the chairman. It has been able, through association with a similar committee in Italy, and more lately through the agency of the American Red Cross, to raise over $175,000, which has been expended in the purchase of a hundred ambulances and accessories, in hospital equipment, and in the necessary administration expenses.

A peculiarly pleasing feature of this work has been the naming of the individual ambulances by the donors in honor of

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American or English poets or other famous men and women lovers of Italy and the Allies' cause, or of Italian heroes. Thus, to take a few only of the names of the cars, we find Mark Twain, Phillips Brooks, Alan Seeger, Dante, Edith Cavell, Victor Chapman, Cardinal Mercier, Garibaldi, and Woodrow Wilson, while one, we note, is named in honor of St. Mark's of Venice, and another in honor of the Women of Italy.

THE RED CROSS DRIVE: THE NATION'S RESPONSE

There never was any doubt that the call of the American Red Cross for a second contribution of one hundred million dollars would be met, and more than met, by the people. But it was a triumph of spontaneous enthusiasm that the total should come not very far from one hundred and fifty million dollars. As we write the figures given are $143,422,645, but the record is not complete and may be materially increased. New York City alone gave about a third of the one hundred millions originally asked; if the whole country had given as much in proportion to population as New York City did, the total would have been at least five hundred million dollars. That, of course, would be unthinkable; there are obvious reasons why New York, with all its large financial and business interests, should contribute out of proportion to the total. The actual sum raised in the metropolis, with the record incomplete, was nearly or quite thirty-five million dollars—that is, ten millions beyond the amount set as New York's goal. Every State in the country over-subscribed its "quota," with the single exception of Illinois. And every division in the country over-subscribed its quota except that in which Illinois is situated.

The rejoicing over the result has been Nation-wide. The spirit and feeling of the campaign have been perhaps the most notable evidence of the year that the people are now united in one common purpose—to win the war and to honor, protect, and care for the soldier and sailor. In this Red Cross effort men, women, and children in countless thousands offered their services in the drive, while citizens of every degree of prosperity and of every nationality poured forth treasure, not merely cheerfully, but eagerly. The tone of the campaign from beginning to end showed that the central thought was not to give to the Red Cross, but to help through the Red Cross.

The planning and execution of the gigantic machinery for the collection of the new fund were each a marvel of skill and intelligence. The appeal of the posters, the convincing statements of the full pages of newspapers devoted to the cause, the intricate and yet workable organization for collecting the money, the use of speakers in every town and almost on every street corner, the unique and original methods of personal appeal—all this showed executive ability on a scale larger than that needed to conduct the affairs of many a small nation, and with a mastery of detail which might well be emulated in every department of our Governmental activities.

The scope of its work was well expressed by Mr. Lloyd George in a letter to the American Ambassador in London, made public during the recent drive. The British Prime Minister, after acknowledging the munificent donations made by the American Red Cross to the British Red Cross, said: "It was one of the first American organizations to begin to serve humanity in this war. The work it has done, not only in succoring wounded, but in sheltering and saving women and children in all countries stricken by war, is beyond all computation. From the moment of the massacre of Serbia its work has grown like the mustard seed until it is now one of the great humane institutions in the world."

A TIMELY WARNING

We have received from a responsible officer of the Young Women's Christian Association of New York a letter from which we make the following quotation:

> It is my privilege to be doing some social service among self-supporting girls; fifty per cent of these girls are earning eight dollars, or less, a week in factories. During our recent Liberty Loan drive these factories were canvassed, and, to quote one of the many instances under my particular notice, one girl who was earning $6 a week was compelled to buy a bond, the coercion being in a notice from the employer that no girl need report for duty the next day unless she purchased. Two dollars were extracted from her week's wages for the first payment—with the information that one dollar would be taken from her envelope during each of the remaining forty-eight weeks! Is this Liberty Bond—or bondage? Another girl in the same factory, though earning considerably more, is supporting a family of ten while her father is fighting in Italy. This practice was followed throughout our factories, and a girl must comply or lose her position.
>
> We are still gasping from that experience, and the Red Cross "drive" is upon us. Is this going to extract what the six-dollar girl has left when she has paid her weekly board and bond? Cannot something be done to stop this evil in a noble cause?

In sending this letter our correspondent says that she does it at the risk of being called unpatriotic. On the contrary, we consider that her attitude is wholly patriotic. The encouraging thing is that, while there have undoubtedly been instances of this kind of injustice in connection with the Liberty Loan sales, we believe they have been so few as to be almost negligible. We know of some instances where industrial workers have had to be restrained from giving too large a proportion of their income to support the war. Our correspondent's letter is timely because it will bring the attention of the heads of great industrial corporations to the possible danger that some subordinates with mistaken zeal may ignore personal circumstances in their enthusiastic endeavor to raise the largest sums they can for win-the-war purposes. To remedy the evil we think it necessary only to mention it in this way.

LYNCHING

Lynching is recognized by an increasing number of people as a danger to National safety and to success in the war. At first it does not seem that there can be very close connection between an act of lawlessness in a remote American rural community and a victory on the battlefields of France. Nothing, however, is more certain than that a very close connection between the two is within the range of possibility. Among the troops that are going to the other side are Americans of Negro blood. That American Negroes make fine soldiers no one can doubt who has read the testimony of such an officer, for example, as General Bell, quoted in Lieutenant McKaine's article on "The Buffaloes" in The Outlook for May 22. The patriotism of these Negroes has been tested and their morale has been praised. It is treason to the country to do anything which will take the heart out of these men and make them feel that they have no country. Is there anything that would be more likely to do that than to allow Negroes at home to be murdered by mobs?

Southern people who know the Negro perhaps better than the people of any other part of the country, because they have seen more of them, are the most vigorous in the expression of this need for the suppression of the evil of lynching. One of the most recent instances of Southern remonstrance against this evil, which is not confined to any one section, is the passage on May 14 of the following resolution by the Tennessee Conference of Charities and Correction, which met in Memphis:

> *Whereas*, the excitement connected with this stupendous war appears to have undermined the self-control of some of the American people to such an extent that lynchings seem to be occurring with increasing frequency; and
>
> *Whereas*, such occurrences are incompatible with the principles of justice and democracy, for which we are fighting; and
>
> *Whereas*, the lynching of men of one blood or race by those of another is not at this time an ordinary act of lawlessness which may be left to the local authorities, but strikes at the very root of our National solidarity and efficiency by raising issues of race and of blood among our own people, and will inevitably increase the length of the war and the cost in dead and wounded we will have to pay for victory, and thus give aid and comfort to the enemy; and
>
> *Whereas*, we do not believe those guilty of this lawlessness realize the treasonable effect of their acts;
>
> *Now, therefore*, the Tennessee Conference of Charities and Correction, in Convention assembled, does hereby respectfully petition the President of the United States to issue a proclamation to the American people on the subject; and
>
> *Whereas* such acts do in fact amount to crimes against the Nation, we do further petition Congress to pass an Act so

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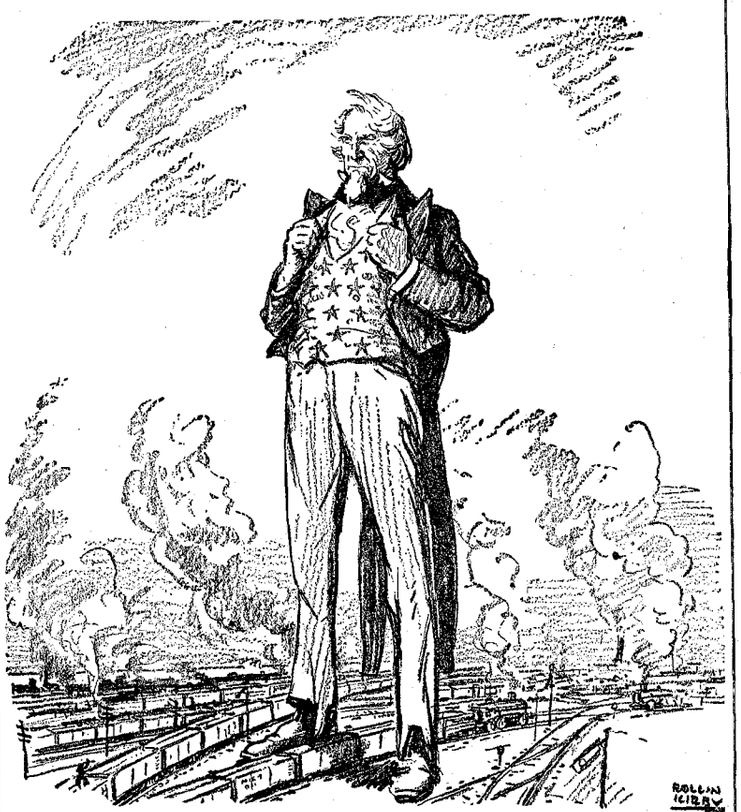
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

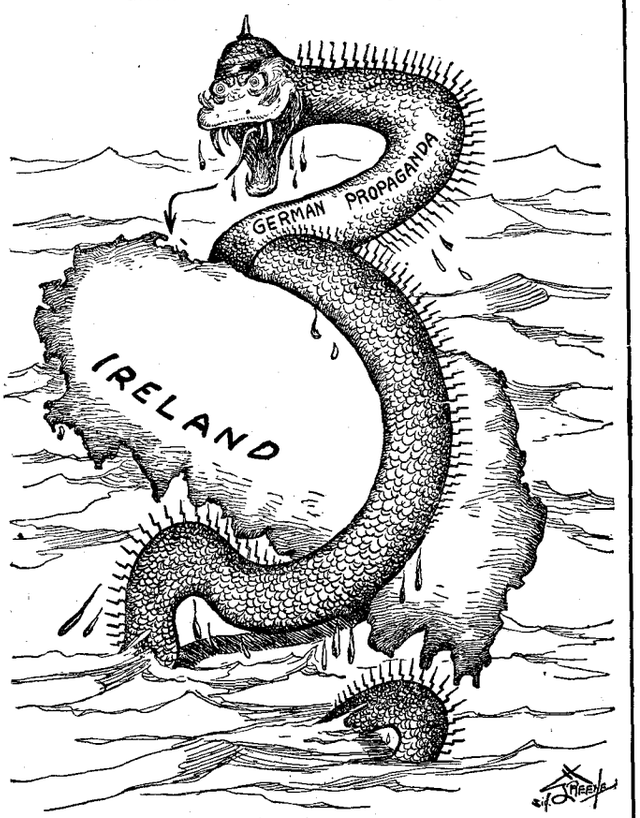
Kirby in the New York World



THE ONLY RAILROAD PRESIDENT LEFT

UNCLE SAM WILL BOSS THE JOB HIMSELF

Greene in the New York Evening Telegram



THE ONLY SNAKE IN IRELAND

THE LOYAL IRISHMAN'S BLACKTHORN STICK OUGHT TO SETTLE THIS ONE

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

AT THE END OF LOAFER'S LANE

THE SLACKER'S ALTERNATIVE

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

BILL SYKES AND HIS DOG

COMPLETELY COWED

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declaring and giving Federal Grand Juries and Courts the right to indict and try those charged therewith.

Another instance occurred in the preceding month when the following telegram was sent by Bolton Smith, Secretary of the Tennessee Law and Order League, and addressed to the Governor of Tennessee, the Hon. T. C. Rye:

> The lynching of Berry Noyes at Lexington, Tennessee, yesterday can but sow disunion among our people, undermine the morale of our Negro troops, and lessen the effectiveness of our propaganda among the colored people for food production and conservation. It will therefore tend to prolong the war and increase the price in dead and wounded we will have to pay for victory. I have been visiting the camp here and have witnessed the self-sacrifice of our splendid young men who are preparing to risk all for us. It is strange our own people will not help them by exercising the self-control necessary to give the Negro charged with crime such a trial as our own laws provide. The Government of the United States is controlled by Southern men. It has called the Negro to the defense of the colors, and the American people will demand that the race thus honored shall be granted the justice of a fair trial when accused of crime. We all know that when guilty there is no doubt of full punishment. The Lexington lynching group cannot have realized the extent to which their act furnishes aid and comfort to the enemy. As Secretary of the Tennessee Law and Order League, organized to stop lynching, I urge you to issue a proclamation to our people pointing out the treasonable effect of such acts, and that you call upon the President of the United States, as Commander of the Nation, to reinforce your words, for it is plain we are threatened with a Nation-wide increase of this crime.

The suggestion in this telegram that the President issue a proclamation is one which we trust the President has not only taken under advisement but has received with approval. We hope he will act upon it. With the Southern Democratic group in power in Congress, with a President in the White House who is a native of the South, and with this urgent suggestion coming from the South, it is clear that any such proclamation would be in no sense a reflection upon that section of the country.

THE LATEST MANIFESTATION OF PRUSSIANISM

The daily papers announce that a German commission appointed to examine the decline in the birth rate in Germany has reported a recommendation for the compulsory marriage of Germans before their twentieth year is passed, with a provision of financial assistance to those who need it and penalties for those who refuse to comply, and penalties also for married couples who remain childless.

This is the latest, though it may not be the last, manifestation of Prussianism.

Henry Drummond has said that love is the greatest thing in the world. Love has mitigated the horrors of war and sent the Red Cross with its missions of mercy to tent on the battlefields by the side of the soldier; it has provided for the lame, the blind, the weak-minded, and the various handicapped in peace; it has created within the nation the spirit of regard for each other's rights and of respect for each other's opinions—the spiritual basis of democracy; it has leaped over national boundaries, and by inspiring mutual regard and respect among men of different races and nationalities has begun to create a spirit of international brotherhood; it has expelled the spirit of abject fear from religion and substituted the spirit of loyalty and reverence; and it has proved itself the bond of perfectness in creating the family, the foundation of all social civilization, and the nursing place of love in all its various forms as justice, pity, and mercy.

Prussianism has abolished humanity from war and substituted terrorism, veiling its cruelty by a pretense that the greater the terrorism the sooner the war will be over; it has avowed its disbelief in aid to the handicapped, and declared that the best service which can be rendered to the unfortunate in society is to facilitate and expedite their suicide; it has proclaimed itself the inveterate foe of liberty, equality, and fraternity, and has taken up arms to abolish democracy from the earth; it has denied that there is or should be any fellowship of nations, and declared that "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" does not mean that men of different nationalities are to have any feeling of good will toward each other; it has endeavored to drive love from the pulpit, and for loyal love for a heavenly Father, God of love, it has sought to substitute abject fear for Odin, god of force; and now it proposes to abolish love as the bond of perfectness from the home life and make the family merely a means for breeding soldiers for the state. What further step toward making barbarians of all Germans Prussianism can take it is difficult to see, unless it should adopt the legislation which Plutarch attributes to the Spartans, and teach its young men to murder peaceful laborers in time of peace in order to accustom them to brutality in time of war.

THE SOLDIER'S FUTURE

Casualty lists are steadily lengthening as America goes into the war. Many of the wounded, unfit for combat duty, may yet be returned to active service in the industry of the Nation, provided they are given proper treatment and careful training. Re-education and reconstruction work for crippled soldiers is occupying the attention not only of doctors, but of teachers and lawmakers. Two bills have been introduced in Congress dealing with the subject. At the recent meeting of the American Orthopædist Association in Washington "occupational therapy" was one of the main topics of discussion, along with an exhibit of embroidery, drawing, wood-carving, and basketry—the work of wounded soldiers in the Walter Reed Hospital of the city.

No argument exists as to the need of occupational training for crippled men. It is an obvious fact that a maimed or partially paralyzed boy will grow well sooner if he is able to create or fashion something. The mental stimulus of occupation is more important even to the sick than to the strong. But discussion centers around the question whether "bedside occupational therapy" should begin with embroidery, knitting, beadwork, and such kindred amusements, or whether the patient shall without delay be instructed in a trade which will, when he is well, relate him directly to industry and make him liable to competition with the unhurt.

"Offer a wounded soldier beadwork or raffia braiding and he will want to die," said Miss Evelyn Goldsmith, one of the foremost teachers of cripples in this country. "Soldiers who are maimed and broken are like crippled children. They want to be taught something which will give them a chance to earn their living. They must not be made to feel that they belong to a class apart, objects of pity and charity. After the war we must not have a single crippled soldier begging on our streets; and we must begin at once to train teachers to direct the work."

Schools certified by the Surgeon-General of the Army are being opened throughout the country for training women as "reconstruction aides in military hospitals." Boston has a particularly good one, with a twelve weeks' term. The National Service School in Washington has included an intensive reconstruction course which is of but three weeks' duration. St. Louis, New York, and Chicago are following suit.

There will be little difficulty in obtaining the women to become teachers. The trouble lies in the number of organizations which want control of the situation. Already a conference has been held through which it is hoped that harmony and a working arrangement will result. Representatives were present from the National Association of Manufacturers, the American Federation of Labor, Department of Labor, Department of Agriculture, the Bureau of Education, the Federal Board of Vocational Education, the Surgeons-General of the Army and Navy, and the War Risk Bureau of the Treasury Department.

All of these organizations are interested in different ways. The Department of Labor and the Labor Federation chiefs are interested in placing men in proper industries, while the manufacturers' associations and insurance societies are involved under the Employers' Liability Laws and the Workmen's Compensation Acts in force in a majority of States. The Federal Board of Vocational Education is peculiarly equipped to train men for trades and mechanical operations. The bill introduced by Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia, provides that only medical

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work shall be in charge of the Surgeons-General, and all vocational training be under the direction of the Federal Board.

THE RAILWAYS

GOVERNMENT operation of our steam railways is now in full swing. What has happened is that our railways have been consolidated for purposes of operation into one gigantic United States system; that this system has been divided into five departments or regions—the Southern Region, the Western Region, the Alleghany Region, the Pocahontas Region, and the Eastern Region; that as the operating head of each region there has been appointed a Government officer called the Regional Director; that these directors report to Mr. McAdoo, the Director-General of Railways in Washington; that under each regional director is a Federal manager for each railway property or railway corporation doing business in the Federal region within which the property lies. For example, Mr. A. H. Smith, formerly President of the New York Central Railway, is Regional Director of the Eastern Region. Under his charge are not only the New York Central and some other railways in the Central Eastern States, but all the railways of New England. Each of the New England railways which has a separate property has a Federal manager, who reports directly to Mr. Smith. Thus the new operating system of our railways may be likened to the Army of the United States with its various departments, and with a general in command of each department, who reports to the Chief of Staff at Washington. Or it may be compared to the Federal Reserve Bank System, under which the country is divided into regions with a director responsible for each region.

Details of this new plan of Government operation have yet to be perfected, but the general plan is in operation, and is working well. Mr. McAdoo, the Director-General of Railways, has just announced that there is to be an increase of wages to railway employees amounting to about $300,000,000 annually, and that there is also to be an increase of passenger fares and freight rates which, it is estimated, will amount to about $900,000,000 annually. The wages increase is based on the report of the Wages Commission, headed by Secretary Lane, the gist of which we printed in The Outlook of May 22.

There are three points suggested by the announcement of increased rates and wages which we think should have special emphasis.

The first is that the country at large has accepted this gigantic change from a privately to a publicly operated railway system with extraordinary cheerfulness and calm. It would be difficult to cite any other peaceful industrial revolution of such proportions which has occurred in our time anywhere in the civilized world.

Second, the public will pay the increased rates cheerfully because it trusts the Government. Shippers and travelers have objected in the past to increases of rates and fares because they either consciously or sub-consciously felt that the increases were going ultimately into the pocketbooks of a privileged class. In some instances this feeling was just, and in others unjust. But what we should bear in mind is that to-day the public readily accepts the increases because it takes the Government's word that they are necessary for win-the-war efficiency and for the general public good.

In the third place, we should not lose sight of the fact that if a successful steam railway transportation system is essential to the social life of the country in times of peace it is peculiarly essential in time of war. It forms the arterial system of our National life. The men who have built and who are operating our railways, from the presidents down to the section hands, are serving the public and serving it well. Their work should receive appreciation and recognition. The regional director on whose skill and inspiration the operation of a great railway system so much depends, and who often works in his office from eight o'clock in the morning until ten or eleven o'clock at night, holds what is really a war position comparable only to that of a general of a department or division; stenographers and clerks who do the office work may be likened to the men and women in the quartermaster's department; the engine-drivers are brothers to the artillerists who handle the big howitzers; and the brakemen, trainmen, switchmen, and section men, who often have to work with physical suffering in the bitter cold, mud, rain, and deep snow, are not at all unlike the Tommy or Sammy or *poilu* in the front-line trenches.

We take our railway journeys like our breakfasts, too much as a matter of course, and grumble about them too much. No body of civilians is working harder or doing more to win the war than the railway men of this country. Let us give them a word of praise now and then.

THE AIRCRAFT INVESTIGATION

The American people are now in an unshaken win-the-war frame of mind. They do not care, to quote the sentiment well expressed recently by ex-Senator Root in a public speech, whether it is won by the Democratic party, the Republican party, the Socialist party, or the Prohibition party. They do care and are determined that it shall be won by the United States. They are in no temper to tolerate investigations carried on for partisan purposes, but they are in a temper to demand the actual facts and to have past mistakes and blunders remedied so that we shall have efficiency and results in the future.

The worst phase of the aircraft controversy, which is now apparently happily coming to an end, is that it has led to confusion, uncertainty, and a weakening of confidence in the public mind. We have been told absolutely contradictory things by men who seemed to speak with equal authority. It has been asserted on the one hand that we have no efficient fighting airplanes in Europe, and on the other that our airplanes are going over there in quantity; on the one hand that the Liberty motor is one of the most remarkable achievements of modern engineering, and on the other that it is so far only an experimental disappointment; on the one hand that we should have made use of the highly developed European airplane engines, and on the other that owing to the complexities of the foreign designs they are adapted only for handwork manufacture and not for quantity production; on the one hand that we should have adopted the magneto ignition system, which is used in Europe, and on the other that the battery ignition, which has been designed for the Liberty motor, is far superior for its purpose to the magneto. Many other confusing statements similar to these have been made. There have even been charges of corruption. We do not think that the public at large believes there has been any corruption, but it does wonder whether there have not been unnecessary delays, inefficiency, overlapping and confusion of authority, and extravagant expenditure which has been wholly out of proportion to the results achieved.

The public therefore turned with a sigh of relief to the despatches announcing that the President had appointed Mr. Hughes to make a thorough investigation of the aircraft situation. In his appointment Mr. Hughes was requested to examine particularly the charges of corruption. We have already pointed out in these columns that if he confined himself solely to this aspect of the charges the result would not satisfy the public. But the letter which Mr. Hughes has written to the Attorney-General indicates that he will, as he must necessarily, study all the aspects of the controversy. He says:

> If we discover a basis for civil suits by the Government, they will be instituted. If we find grounds for a criminal prosecution, it will be in order to go before the Grand Jury to obtain indictments. If we find no sufficient basis for such proceedings, our conclusion, to be convincing to the country, could not well be stated as a mere negative conclusion, but should be accompanied by a fair, candid, and adequate statement of the facts which our investigation has disclosed.

As the head of such an investigation, Mr. Hughes possesses pre-eminently valuable qualities. He is a statesman of administrative political experience; he is a lawyer of a highly developed judicial mind; he is the foremost American investigator of our time, having established his own reputation as a public man in the great insurance investigations in New York State, which practically revolutionized the insurance business of the country; and he does not belong to the President's political party, thus assuring his freedom from the political pressure

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which often is inevitably brought to bear on investigating committees.

It is reassuring to learn, also, that the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, which has done great service in ascertaining facts concerning the provision of munitions and arms and other military supplies, has reached an understanding with Mr. Hughes, so that its members can and will co-operate with him.

The President performed a fine public service when he appointed Mr. Hughes, and we believe Mr. Hughes will perform an equally fine public service in the performance of his duties and his report to the country. Those Americans who have been genuinely disappointed by the airplane situation can now turn their forebodings over to the shoulders of Mr. Hughes and confidently await his findings.

A GARDEN AND A GARDEN

Whether the bird had actually waked him or had merely happened to be singing when he came to full consciousness was a question not for the Happy Eremite to answer. He felt no resentment toward the bird. Reveille from such a throat was more blessed than lullabies to tired limbs. He lay on his back, listening. Eight or nine notes—repeated and repeated and repeated—that was the whole of the morning song. It was not a very melodious song; there was in it none of the rich music of the hermit thrush who used to sing in the tall birch tree in the woods above Chocorua Lake, or the heartbreaking loveliness of the nightingale in some dark covert, hidden from the moonlight, in that dear garden on the Rhine. The singer was no aristocrat. He was just a plain, upright, kind-hearted New England bird saying "Good-morning."

The Happy Eremite took the hint and jumped out of bed.

There were many excellent reasons why, a half-hour later, having shaved and dressed, he should betake himself to his study. He rejected them all.

The day, as it happened, was not at all unlike the song of the bird. There was no enticing loveliness of faint gold in the sky, no rapture of colors new washed by the night dew. It was just an ordinary day in an ordinary world. The sky was overclouded; beneath it the earth was brown or green, without brilliancy, without contrasts, quite sedate and commonplace.

The bird evidently knew his business. What he had been trying to say was, "It isn't a very wonderful day; nothing to get romantic about, that is; but nice enough, if you have eyes. Come on out."

The Happy Eremite looked about to see if he could discover anywhere the feathery poet who had been able so subtly to interpret the nun-like beauty of a gray dawn. But his song, having done its work, was silent now, and the foliage hid the singer. The Happy Eremite, who was not wise in bird lore, would probably not have recognized his reveillist if he had seen him; besides, seeing him was really immaterial; it was sufficient that he had heard his song.

He wandered idly about under the horse-chestnuts, then up past the willows by the pond, aware that since the day before the delicate budding of spring had suddenly expanded into the luxuriant foliage of summer. To right and left of the road that led to the barn the raspberry bushes were already a rank tangle. He marveled anew at the mystery of growing things.

He reached the garden, where day in and day out Bill, the farmer, prevented by his teeth from serving his country in France, served her with devotion on a sunward-sloping hill in New England. The Happy Eremite pushed back the high gate and walked amid the growing things. There they all were—the peas, row on row, the onions like an army with spears, the potatoes, sturdy and straight, the corn, the beets, the spinach—so firm and upright all of them, so vigorously aspiring toward the sun, that the Happy Eremite forgot for an instant that they were only vegetables and thought of battalions of marching men.

"Good for you, good for you!" he murmured. "Over the top, little green brothers, over the top!"

It was still very early. Only the garrulous and boastful hens broke the quiet.

"There should be a placard on every garden this year," he said to himself: "'This garden is dedicated to the defenders of liberty.'"

He closed the gate and walked slowly back to the house. At the stone wall that inclosed the sunken garden, where in other days hollyhocks and sweet-williams and phlox and roses and irises, and fifty other varieties of growing things whose names themselves were a fragrance, had bloomed in their neat borders, gazing like prim, old-fashioned ladies on their bit of well-kept lawn, he stopped, and looked over. The beds had not been weeded, and strange and savage growths were spreading rank among the struggling flowers. There was no lawn at all—only grass a foot high invading the borders here and there. The sprout of a maple tree rose above it like a barbaric conqueror calling to his devastating hosts.

"It was lovely last year," said the Happy Eremite, wistfully. "Some day, perhaps, it may be lovely again. For the present this desolation also is dedicated to the defenders of liberty. Until they come back victorious we have no time for flower gardens."

SOLDIERS' MUSIC

If any reader is inclined to think that Walter Spalding, who writes on "Music a Necessary Part of the Soldier's Equipment," is prejudiced in favor of music because he is a professor of music, and head of the Music Department of Harvard University, and that the soldier himself might have another story to tell, let him hear what soldiers themselves think. We are going to step down from the editorial rostrum at this point and invite soldiers to address our readers in our place. Allow us first to introduce some one whom we are simply permitted to call a "Sammy," for that is all he calls himself:

> I am one of the boys encamped at this port of embarkation. I wish to state that something good to read such as I find in my favorite magazine, The Outlook—

We did not know that he was going to say that, but we will let him continue:

> —along with a good smoke, and, last but not least, the *songs that we sing*, sustain and keep up the old "pep" that will lead us on to victory "over there." . . . Songs like those will keep us in the right spirit more than anything else I know.

That is from a soldier over here. The following is from an American soldier whose testimony comes from "over there," and who, since giving that testimony, has died of scarlet fever. He is Lieutenant Arthur Broadfield Warren, of the Class of 1915 at Harvard. His testimony as to the value of music to the soldier is found in one of his letters which have been printed in the "Harvard Alumni Bulletin:"

> We are now billeted again in one of the typical French villages of which I have now seen more than a few. The day we arrived was hot and glorious with blue sky and sunshine. The regimental band greeted us, as we marched into the village, with military marches and popular airs; and although we were all tired from our lack of sleep, and dirty from our stay in the dugouts, we picked up our feet and held our heads erect when we heard the music. There is nothing like a good band, and we have a crackajack, to restore our spirits and freshen exhausted bodies.

We shall conclude this composite editorial by giving final place to the editors of the "Wadsworth Gas Attack and Rio Grande Rattler," published by and for the men of the Twenty-seventh Division, U. S. A., at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, South Carolina:

> Some efficiency shark has figured out that the Twenty-seventh Division would save a lot of money by abandoning its bands.
>
> We don't like efficiency experts. Their veins are full of red ink. They usually have million-dollar heads and two-cent hearts.
>
> We are all for doing a job right and quick, and as for labor-saving, we are for that strong. But your efficiency man would reduce everything to figures, systems, and schedules. If you can't show him the dollars and cents value of a thing, out it goes.
>
> That explains why he would turn our bandmen into cooks, because he sees real tangible value in a plate of slum, whereas who ever heard of a man getting calories out of a Sousa march?
>
> Music has made more men soldiers than all the recruiting

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speeches and recruiting posters. When all else has failed, the crashing, inspiriting notes of a band have cheered them on. The tune may be "It's a hot time in the old town to-night." It may be "Tipperary." Or it may be the "Marseillaise." It's music. Soldier's music. And soldiers respond to it as they do to nothing else.

Now that the soldiers have spoken, Professor Spalding will perhaps be listened to with attention.

BACH AT BETHLEHEM

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

AMONG the natives of Germany who are eternal enemies of the Hun is the upright old music master of Eisenach, Weimar, and Leipzig, Johann Sebastian Bach. Fortunately, the music of Bach is something the Hun can never destroy as he tries to ruin its counterpart in stone at Rheims; nor can the Hun silence Bach's music in America. Indeed, there is more reason than ever why America should cherish and foster the works of this great man, for he expresses in tones the ideals of order and liberty and beauty which the people who speak the language he spoke are now assailing. It is therefore most fitting that while America is at war with Germany there should remain alive the current festival of Bach's music at South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

To-day this institution is known throughout the Nation. Each year people from many States gather at South Bethlehem to hear choral works of Bach sung as they are sung nowhere else in the land. The thirteenth Bach Festival was held this year on May 24 and 25. On the sloping campus of Lehigh University stands the Packer Memorial Church. In its belfry there was assembled in the middle of Friday afternoon the famous Moravian Trombone Choir, who for about twenty minutes played old chorales of the Moravian Church, while a throng of people, in groups on the turf before the church door, listened. When the time came for the first session of the Festival to begin in the church, Mr. J. Fred. Wolle, Founder and Director of the Bach Choir, rose and led the choir and the people in "The Star-Spangled Banner." Some of the music critics of New York, who had been hearing "The Star-Spangled Banner" performed before every concert during the city's musical season, may have found it possible to resist the effect of that singing; but there were few auditors who did not find it irresistible. Mr. Wolle leads without a baton, and his nervous arms and fingers seemed not only to be charged with electricity, but to electrify the whole body of people there, those in the choir seats and those in the pews alike. He made those people not only sing, but think the words as they sang them. After singing the five words with the emphasis Mr. Wolle imparted to them—"the—flag—was—still—there"—no doubt could remain in the minds of any American that where the American flag is raised it remains.

That is the way that Mr. Wolle has taught his singers to sing Bach. And that is why people from many parts of the country journey to South Bethlehem each year to hear the Bach Choir.

Such a festival in war times is among the war essentials. It is to the people at home what rest billets are to the soldiers at the front. Just as we have to dig the iron out of the earth before we can make our guns, so we have got to draw from somewhere spiritual strength by which to maintain our energy and resolution. It is not merely relaxation and entertainment that we need, but re-creation; and there is no power more re-creative than that of music, and no music more re-creative than that of Bach. The reason for this is to be found in the character of Bach's works. In one sense it may be said that such a consummate artist as Bach has even a higher function to perform than the philosopher or the prophet. The philosopher sees a world of disorder and thinks out the order that is behind it; the prophet sees a world in disorder and summons men to see the world of order with the eye of faith; while the artist sees a world in disorder and out of the elements of it proceeds to make in miniature an orderly world. This is why, in a time of war and disturbance, when chaos seems to have come again, we need not only the philosopher and the prophet, but the artist. And if we are fighting against the powers of confusion to re-establish order, it is an inestimable stimulus to turn aside and recover, not merely by argument or by exhortation, but by demonstration in the form of a great work of art, the assurance that orderliness and duty are realities and are worth fighting for. And there is a special satisfaction in getting this demonstration from the very country which has succumbed to the power of disorder and against which we are now at war. There was a scientist, a very practical scientist, engaged in war work, who attended that festival. He told me of the satisfaction that he found in turning the scientific discoveries and developments of the Germans against Germany, and he cited instances in which America had learned from Germany effective methods for fighting the Germans. There is somewhat the same satisfaction in getting this spiritual recuperative power which we need in this war from a German source. And the satisfaction is doubled when we think of the sort of man he was from whom we derive it. The Bach family was the product, it might be said, of that war which up to this time was the most devastating in European history—the Thirty Years' War. That was an era when not only almost unexampled physical suffering and material desolation reigned in Germany, but moral standards collapsed. And yet, as Maczewski in an article in "Grove's Dictionary" has said, "The house of Bach exhibits an almost uniform example of moral worth, together with a constant endeavor after the highest ideals—qualities which are all the greater because in the circumstances of the time they could hardly meet with recognition or encouragment."

For this Festival the choral works seem to have been selected with special reference to this time of war. The very titles of those opening the sessions indicate this: the cantata, "My Spirit was in Heaviness," the "Actus Tragicus," and the tombeau, or "Ode of Mourning;" but the note of confidence and of victory was sounded, before the day ended, in the Double Chorus "Now Shall the Grace," and in the culminating glorious "Magnificat." And the way in which these works were sung intensified the contrast between the solemnity of the present and the exulting confidence in the future, from the depths of that massive and gloomy chorus, "It is the old decree," in the "Actus Tragicus," to the power and vigor of that cry of triumph in the "Magnificat," closing with the splendid sweep and roll of the "Gloria."

The second day was devoted, as one day every year in this Festival is, to what is pre-eminently and distinctively Bach—the Mass in B Minor.

Of these Festivals it seems somewhat out of place to discuss the performance. It seems somewhat like appraising the value of inflections in the devotions of a congregation; there is no atmosphere of performance about the Festival; there is no applause; the soloists and the conductor never bow to the audience as a performer is expected to do; and yet the performance is the essence of the Festival. It is because the Bach Choir sings as no other body of singers I know about can sing that this Festival is worth attending every year. At no other of these annual Festivals that I have attended has there been so high an attainment on the part of the orchestra and the soloists. The professional musicians here are at a disadvantage, for to participate with intelligence and effectiveness they must have in addition to the skill of the professional the spirit of the amateur; and it is harder for the professional to acquire the spirit of the amateur than it is for the amateur to acquire the skill of the professional. In no respect has Mr. Schwab's generous financial support of this Festival been more productive of good than in enabling the professional participant to get that spirit through rehearsal. And it must not be forgotten that the academic atmosphere of Lehigh University, under Dr. Drinker, is a powerful factor in making for unity of spirit between the visiting professionals and the skilled amateurs of this great community chorus.

E. H. A.

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PIES AND DOUGHNUTS

A NEW KIND OF WAR MUNITIONS FURNISHED BY THE SALVATION ARMY

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

During the recent Salvation Army "drive" to raise $250,000 in the city of New York our telephone rang one day and a voice said: "I am Major Geberich, of the Salvation Army. I should like to call on you, with the hope of getting a substantial contribution for our war work."

We replied: "We are not sure about the substantial contribution, but we should like to hear about the work you are doing."

The result was that at the appointed time Major Geberich called at this office, bringing with him Adjutant Starbard, a Salvation Army worker who has just returned from the front, and Sergeant Sam P. Barre, of the Eighteenth Infantry of the Regular Army. Sergeant Barre has just come back from France to be retired. He has been thirty years in the Army of the United States and is a veteran of the Sioux campaign of 1891. He came along as a witness to corroborate what the two Salvation Army officers said of their good work at the front. Sergeant Barre's story itself would make an article for The Outlook, but we have room only to say that he convinced us that the Salvation Army is doing a peculiar work among our soldiers that no other organization is doing or can do. Sergeant Barre wants us particularly to say that Captain (Miss) Cora Van Norden, of the Salvation Army at the front, is a very remarkable woman. His judgment as to the Salvationists and as to Captain Van Norden is confirmed by a letter which we have recently seen from a young American officer now in France. This officer is a New Yorker, a Princeton graduate, a man of unusual cultivation, and of the type to be repelled rather than attracted by the enthusiastic religious demonstrations of the Salvation Army. He says:

> Colonel Barker dropped in for dinner. He is the head of the Salvation Army in Europe with the American forces. They are putting up cozy huts in every village where troops are billeted and providing a home for our soldiers. If you can, do not forget to give to the Salvation Army. They are doing some of the best work over here. . . . We have been graced by three plucky Salvation Army girls. They have set up a Recreation Hall, where they make doughnuts, hot chocolate, pies, etc. It is a great work they are doing. Miss Van Norden is the leading spirit; her two assistants being the regular Salvation Army type, but full of "pep."

With this introduction, and assuring our readers that what they may give to the Salvation Army War Fund will be given to a good cause, we leave Adjutant Starbard to speak for himself.—THE EDITORS.

I WAS born in the State of Maine and spent my boyhood days there. I became a member of the Salvation Army in 1896, at Worcester, Massachusetts (which is my present home), first as a bandsman and later as an officer.

When the war broke out, I naturally wanted to do something for the country that had given me birth. My first thought was to join the National Army, and I applied for the Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg, was accepted, and should have gone in training on the 27th of May, 1917. When I notified my commanding officer in the Salvation Army of my intention, I was told that I was needed immediately for war work in connection with the Salvation Army in France. I went before Major Jewett, U. S. A., at Fort Bank, Boston, Massachusetts, and was relieved of my obligation.

On August 12, 1917, I sailed for France with the first contingent of Salvation Army workers. Our purpose, as we understood it at that time, was to work behind the American lines; but upon our arrival in France we were told that a petition had been circulated by the chaplains of the American Expeditionary Force requesting that the Salvation Army work in the American camps. We were hurried at once to the training camps of Pershing's forces and put to work erecting huts and entertaining the soldiers. The order that came from General Pershing stated that we would be a part of the American Expeditionary Force, and that it would therefore be necessary for us to put on the Government uniform, with a proper identification mark. This mark was to be the red shoulder-strap, on which is worked in white letters "The Salvation Army." The order closed with these words: "This uniform must be worn at all times and worn properly."

Our work during the four months' training period of the First Division consisted in supplying confectionery, biscuits, coffee, chocolate, etc., from our canteens, the conducting of Salvation Army services twice every week, and giving entertainments nightly. Games were also furnished at all hours when the men were off duty, consisting of checkers, dominoes, and chess. A phonograph with a large number of records was included in the equipment of each hut, also a piano.

These huts in the training area were in constant use. For instance, our first hut that was established was used at 6 A.M. as a mess hall for Company I, after which the kitchen police scrubbed the place thoroughly, and at 8:30 each day the regiment band practiced. At 10:30 a company commander had his school of instruction for his men. There were generally three companies in the hut for this purpose. Here instruction was given as to the proper care of arms, care and adjustment of gas masks, and general instructions as to maneuvers, sham battles, etc.

Following the company meeting our Jewish friends conducted their services for one-half hour each day during their special holy week. Following these services the hut was thrown open to the men until 3:30, at which time some staff officer, often the brigadier-general, conducted an officers' school. At five o'clock the hut was opened for entertainments, canteen, etc., and continued until the call to quarters, which was sounded at nine o'clock. During the period that the hut was being used for company meetings and officers' schools our entire forces were in the kitchen at the rear assisting our lassies in the filling of pies, rolling out of doughnuts, etc.

It is impossible to get supplies in the quantities needed for the soldiers. Three tons of chocolate candies and biscuits will last but a few hours, and the truck does not call again for two or three days; this makes necessary the cooking of pies and doughnuts to meet the need. Two lassies, with the help of one or two soldier boys, usually make from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pies and fry two thousand doughnuts in about four hours. These are disposed of in about one-half to three-quarters of an hour, and are gone long before the end of the line is reached. Officers and soldiers take their places in the line, as our work is particularly for the enlisted men. The officers are not given precedence, but they are very glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of getting this home cookery.

I have seen four hundred and fifty men standing in line in the pouring rain at another place, where our hut had not been erected and where this cooking was done out under a small tent flap that was spread over the field kitchen under a tree. On other occasions I have seen the boys so impatient to get the doughnuts that they have crowded about the pots in the open and fished the doughnuts from the boiling fat with twigs from near-by trees. Three doughnuts and a quarter of a pie are the allowance to one man. Very often we have seen the foremost man on the tail end of the line after having consumed his allowance.

When the orders came to move to the front, several requests came from the officers for the Salvation Army units to continue with the men. The brigadier-general requested that our people move with the men to the front, but said that they must understand the danger in so doing and must volunteer for this service. As head of our transportation and automobile section, it fell to my lot to interview each of the officers at the different huts, covering a territory of sixty-five or seventy miles, and secure the names of our officers who were willing to take the risk of going to the front line with the boys. When I returned to our headquarters and reported to Colonel Barker, our leader in France, I had the names as volunteers of every Salvation Army officer with the American Expeditionary Force—every man and every lassie had volunteered, and many had even sent special requests to be permitted to go with the troops to the front.

The work at the front is a lot different from that in the training or rest camp. The establishment of a hut means the clearing out of some cellar or partly blown up building, and the erecting of the roof, covered by proper bomb-proof material, which usually consists of six feet of earth and stones or heavy timbers or railway iron.

In these places the work is carried on; many of them are right at the communication trench leading to the front-line or firing trench. From these posts coffee and cocoa are distributed to the boys nightly while on guard duty and while looking over the

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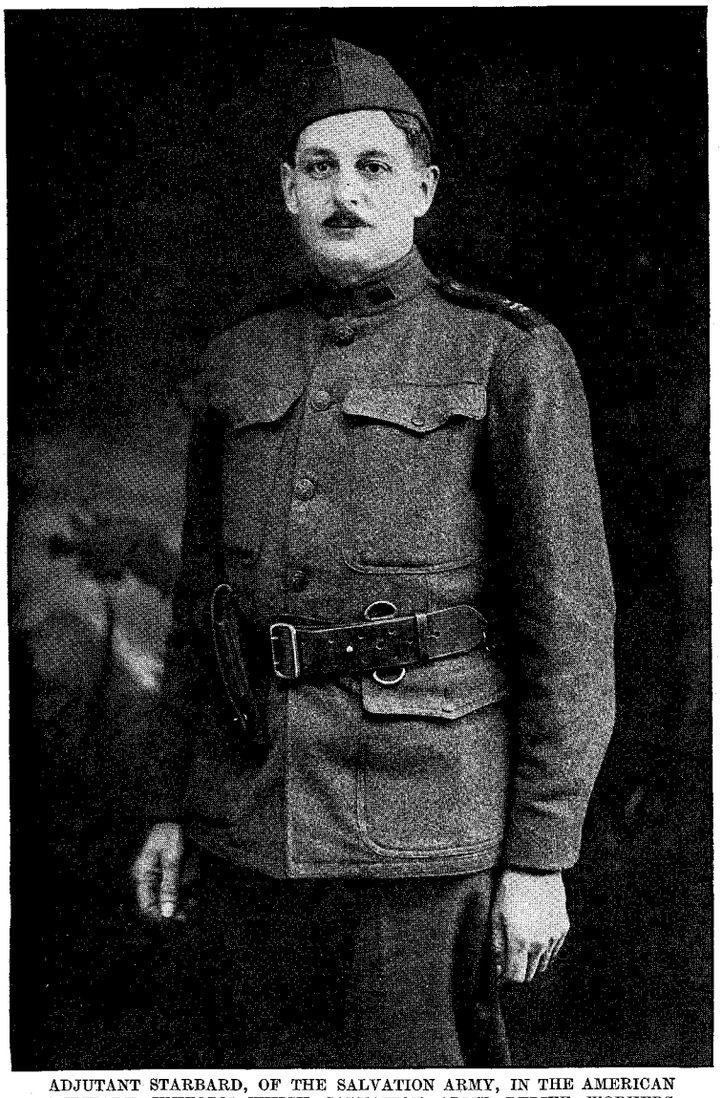

ADJUTANT STARBARD, OF THE SALVATION ARMY, IN THE AMERICAN MILITARY UNIFORM WHICH SALVATION ARMY RELIEF WORKERS WEAR ON THE WESTERN FRONT

top of the trench across No Man's Land. At these posts it is impossible to do any cooking. Fire, or even smoke, would draw the fire of the enemy. If there are windows, they are carefully covered with three or four feet of gravel bags to keep out shrapnel or shell splinters. Cooking is, however, done a short distance back and the goodies sent up to these advance trenches.

The transportation in this locality has, of course, to be done under cover of darkness, as the entire sector is under observation of the enemy. The pie wagon falls in line with other transports, ambulances, ammunition supply trains, and troops, and works its way up the line to supply these front-line huts.

There have been many narrow escapes. In one instance a Government truck next to our transport was shot to pieces by a direct hit, and at times we have had to drive over the dead bodies of mules, wheels and sides of wrecked wagons, etc., at dead man's curve.

As far as I know, only one of our supply trucks has come to grief; this was just the night before Easter. The lassies were sending up an unusually large amount of pies, doughnuts, cakes, and buns to the soldiers who were in the trenches; this truck was stuck in the mud, and, as the hour was nearly daylight, it had to be abandoned. As soon as light came it was seen by the enemy, and some four hundred shells from the Boche artillery were fired at it. The commanding officer at the near-by town asked for volunteers to go in daylight and try and rescue the truck. All that were off duty volunteered for the work, but it was impossible to move the truck. I am told, however, that the contents of the truck were not destroyed.

About March 1, I was taken sick while driving one of these transports, and was carried into one of our front-line huts in an unconscious state. The physician, Captain ——, brought me to consciousness and told me that I had been gassed. Later he called in First Lieutenant ——, who before the war was a specialist in New York City, and he declared that I was "all in." I was therefore allowed to come home for a short furlough.

Our lassies are not allowed at the first-line trenches, but are in places about three kilometers [two miles] back, where they are subject at all times to artillery fire, gas shells, and air-bomb attacks. They work during the still hours, but during the bombardment are ordered into the dugouts.

The huts are generally old buildings with some sort of restored roofs, and in many cases canvas circus tents, camouflaged, cover the top, these huts are on a much larger scale than those right at the front, and are made as cheerful as possible for the boys during the four days' rest while they are out of the trenches; here our lassies listen to the messages of the boys, write letters home for them, and accept and properly mark little keepsakes that they wish to leave to be sent to mother at home in case they do not return. At one of these places I have noticed under the counter of the canteen many tin boxes filled with these remembrances left by the boys; many of them have not come back, and many of these remembrances, with the last letter left to be delivered home in case they did not return, have been sent to friends across the water.

The cemeteries at these places are cared for by our lassies. Artificial flowers and little remembrances are placed on the graves, and when some member of the particular unit in which these lassies work has "gone west" the grave is marked by a line of little stones or boulders. There is no grass and it is impossible to plant or maintain flowers, but the French custom is to plant artificial flowers, and our lassies have secured a supply of these and are using them on the graves of our American boys.

At the front we never take off our clothing. Everything is mud and dampness, and sometimes for a week at a time we are never dry. We go into our dugouts at night, pull off our rubber boots or hobnail shoes, and try to sleep; but there is no real sleep in this locality. The shells are always exploding outside or overhead, and four, five, or six times during the night we are called out to adjust our gas masks; and every morning, just at daylight, there are one or more barrages, notifying us that a raid is on or raiders are being expected.

Our people seem to be standing the work there as well as the regular soldiers, and are determined to do their utmost to help by encouraging the soldiers and keeping up the morale of our boys.

We have, including our work with the Allies, from the coast to the Swiss border one hundred and seventy-five of these huts, and we need many thousands of them.

Colonel F. G. Lawton said to me as I was leaving for home:

> Tell your Commander that we want the Salvation Army, and we want them quick.

Brigadier-General G. B. Duncan also said in my hearing a short time ago:

> We need the Salvation Army in every American camp.

General Pershing has visited many of the huts, and I met him on two occasions in our huts, and heard him say on one occasion:

> It is a pity we have not more places like this. Give these people every possible assistance to get their work established.

Colonel Babcock, the Inspector-General for the First Division, has visited all of our places, and I heard him remark at the Divisional Headquarters that he wished all of the places were kept in as sanitary a condition as the huts of the Salvation Army.

Our work is needed there, and is needed on a large scale. We need workers—fifty mechanics and automobile drivers at once—Christian men beyond the draft age, who have initiative and can adapt themselves to the conditions on the other side, and are willing to work, work, work, seven days a week, every day, fourteen to sixteen hours a day.

We want lassies who can put religion into apple pies, doughnuts, and coffee—women of good, sterling Christian characters; and with all we want the necessary cash to maintain this ever-growing work.

RAYMOND C. STARBARD,
Adjutant, Salvation Army.

Salvation Army Headquarters,
120 West Fourteenth Street, New York City.

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THE FARMER BOY A-SOLDIERING

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

INTO two great cantonments, Camp Funston in Kansas and Camp Doniphan in Oklahoma, are gathered the larger part of the soldiers from the agricultural States of the Middle West. Directly from the farms are coming, day after day, thousands of young men who know much about sulky plows and self-binders, but little of trolley-car schedules and labor unions. They are coming from country homes, often their only city experience being one or two trips to some Mid-Western metropolis. Tanned, broad-shouldered, clear-eyed, they make a picture of hearty young Americanism as they don their uniforms and become a part of the Army.

The evolution of the farmer-soldier boy has been one of the interesting features of the past six months of training. "See that man," pointed a secretary of the Y. M. C. A., as a husky youth paced back and forth on the white road through Camp Funston. "He came here so homesick that it seemed as though he would never recover. To-day he is one of our stand-bys, and when we want to cheer up a newcomer we call on him for assistance. He has a fund of humor and good nature that will get him far."

"Do many need cheering up?"

"A few, but not nearly so many as at first. In the earlier contingents there was an epidemic of homesickness, but now the boys come generally with determination and good courage. They seem to take it as a matter of course."

This very attitude is an indication of a different feeling on the part of the folks at home. The leave-takings of this spring are less mournful than last fall—and I have seen many of them. Mothers do not show their grief so openly; they seem stirred by a spirit of patriotism and are proud of their sons' part rather than regretful at their going. All through the Middle West this change in spirit is manifest. Three-fourths of the families now have some one in the service, and it is taken as a matter of course that every one must give his share.

"Which is quickest to take up training, city boy or farm boy?" was asked of a captain.

"Depends on the work," was the quick answer. "The city boy is probably quicker to mix with others; he is at home sooner. He is used to crowds and to fighting his own way through them. But when it comes to the large operations that require broad vision and initiative, the country boy has the advantage. He does not talk much, but he sees all the angles at once. He is accustomed to acting for himself. He makes a mighty good soldier, for he takes his task seriously."

Another change has come. The hostess house assistant put it this way: "Hundreds of family visits take place every week. Fathers and mothers drive from Nebraska, from Colorado, from Missouri, to see the boy in service. In the early days these reunions were rather heart-breaking affairs, with a great deal of wiping of eyes. They left the boy in a somewhat bewildered state of mind. But little of that occurs now. The father, mother, and son chat cheerily; some goodies are unpacked; and it is pleasant to see the scenes presented in every nook and corner on visiting day."

Once in a while we find one unconvinced. Said the pastor for one of the church organizations at the camp: "A father drove his car from South Dakota to see his two sons. He came to me and asked: 'Why must I give my boys to this war? I do not want war, and I need my boys at home.' Firmly I told him why, explaining the demand on each of us, and what it all meant to American homes and to our National life. At the end he straightened his shoulders. 'Well, I guess you are right, but I never thought about it that way before. Where are my boys? I want to pat them on the shoulders and tell them to stand by Uncle Sam.'" He was a type of some who have never had the real lesson clearly put to them, and, realizing the loss it means to them in their farm operations and in the family life, resent somewhat the service of sons.

But more and more they are getting the lesson. You hear out in the country communities very little talk of pacifism compared with a year ago. The man who is not truly loyal is quickly frowned upon by his neighbors. The farm country is as sincerely in the war as any other section of the Nation.

You read considerable about the farmer boys "just rarin' to go" overseas and get into the fighting. When the first contingents of drafted men went to camp last autumn, their trains were decorated with huge banners, "Kaiser Getters from Bitter Creek," "Bound for Berlin, Straight Through," and similar mottoes. You see none of that now. The troop trains are as undecorated as any on the line. I asked a sturdy member of the military police standing guard before a theater on the amusement zone—a wonderful street ablaze with light and containing stores and shops that would astonish New York by their vastness—how he felt about it.

"Well, of course I'd like to go soon, and so would the other boys; but we don't talk much about it. I've got sixty acres in wheat down in Missouri that my brother is taking care of for me. No knowing when I'll get off police duty—I may be here all through the war. But I look at it that it's a job that must be done, and I'll do what I'm told to do without kicking. If I go, all right; if I stay, that suits me. Most of us farmer boys feel the same way. It's our job to help where we can, and we don't think much about where or what it is to be. But we all hope to get one lick at the Huns before it's over."

It is that sort of tractability that is making for rapid preparation in the cantonments. Officers say that with the new men they are obtaining in three weeks results that required two months last fall. Perhaps some of it is due to the officers' better equipment and the smoother running of the system; but part comes directly from the acceptance of the war as a business proceeding, with less emphasis on the spectacular.

"Going home to harvest?" I asked the Missourian. "Guess not," was the prompt reply. "Most of us farmer boys want to stay in camp and get into the game as soon as we can. Somebody must fight. The folks will get along some way without us. It won't hurt some of the town men to go out and shock wheat a few days, if necessary. Besides, it is hard work to get these furloughs; and what's the use? We are here for business, and the quicker we finish it the better."

On the whole, the farmer boy has cleared his mind of the tasks of the field and given his attention to war in all sincerity. Sometimes there have been strenuous efforts to secure low classifications, but when the decision has been made by the boards the result has been accepted. Perhaps the boards have in instances erred and farmers who should have remained at home have been called, but usually it will be found that the questionnaire warranted the classification. As the months have gone by the system has become familiar, and the men have taken up their task without complaint. Often it has been a real sacrifice for the boy who had just secured a start. He has, perhaps, put in wheat on shares; he owns a little stock and is looking ahead to a future that includes the neighbor's daughter as part of the picture. But he is not alone. On the other side of the guard at the theater was a young man from Kansas City who last year was drawing a salary of $12,000 a year—he is now a private in the ranks.

Looking over the audiences of soldiers from the prairie States, one sees a splendid gathering of strong, courageous, obedient servants of the Nation. They are not given to boasting, but they are determined to win. They make blunders and are bashful at first, but so steadily are they settling down to their task that they are going to be towers of strength throughout the war.

Behind them are the farmer families, immensely proud of their sons, and showing an increasingly generous spirit of helpfulness in every activity that tends to sustain our Army.

"If you see my folks," was a parting request from a boy who had lived ten miles from town, "tell them I'm all right and not to worry. I like the job, and you'll see me with shoulder straps one of these days—just watch me."

That is American youth for you, whether from busy city street or from quiet fields. The farmer soldier is measuring up to the full stature of efficiency.

Abilene, Kansas, May 20, 1918.

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MUSIC A NECESSARY PART OF THE SOLDIER'S EQUIPMENT

BY WALTER R. SPALDING

THE United States of America is at war, and upon the victorious outcome of this war depend the preservation and perpetuation of our National ideals, and even of life itself. This whole matter of war-making is so novel and the transforming of a peace-loving and peace-abiding people into fighters demands such a prodigious change in sentiment and daily life that much confusion of thought on the part of our citizens was to be expected. The object of this article is to explain the fundamental relationship which exists between the waging of war and the essence of music, and to set before the people of the country the actual methods by which this combination is actually worked out in the various training camps under the direction of a special Committee[1] appointed by the Department of War. The ground, I think, will be cleared for detailed explanation if at the outset certain undoubted facts are stated.

As we live in a modern age, it is natural that an efficient fighting American army should be trained through the utilization of all the discoveries of modern science, for only in our times have flying-machines, submarines, long-distance telephones, huge field guns, been considered an indispensable part of military equipment. In regard to other matters, however, just as intimately related to the making of a good soldier, such as discipline, precision, courage, good physical condition, our age and our American soldiers are not different from what men and soldiers were centuries ago. One of the chief factors for inspiring men who are fighting for a high ideal with the acme of fire, courage, and devotion has always been music; and in making this assertion I am supported by the century-long experience of all the great military Powers of Europe; in fact, if we begin with the legendary Tertæus in Grecian history, and work down through the Middle Ages to the great armies of modern times, we find that no army has ever been without the stimulating effect of instrumental and vocal music, and that all great commanders, such as Alfred the Great, William the Conqueror, Charles the Bold, Napoleon, and others, have utilized this art. For even a hasty examination will convince us of what a genuine relationship exists between the qualifications of a good soldier (the demand for precision, co-operative action, alertness, initiative) and the inherent characteristics of music (rhythm, life, unified action, fire, and imagination).

Our Government, among the many other means which it has adopted for the training of the American soldier, wisely holds that music should be just as much a part of the equipment as weapons, uniform, and rations. All our soldiers are to be trained to sing, for every one has been endowed to a greater or less degree with a voice, and those with more specific musical aptitude are to be instructed in playing on brass instruments, both classes thereby being brought into frequent contact with the uplifting and refreshing power of music.

The Commission on Training Camp Activities recently sent several members of the above Committee to make a tour of investigation in the training camps, and in this trip some fourteen camps were visited and much opportunity secured for important inferences as to the outlook upon music by the people in different parts of the country. Every member of the visiting Committee was filled with enthusiasm and patriotic zeal by seeing the spirit and the devoted work of our young fighting men, and the generals and all the officers are doing superb work to see that America is so represented just as soon as possible as to be a worthy ally by the side of France, Great Britain, and Italy.

When we came to investigate thoroughly into the condition of music, we found that we had to face facts rather than theories; but we all felt that if things in many ways were not as we would have them it was simply because, for special reasons which in time can be eliminated, the people had been started along other lines of thought and action, and that at bottom there was no reason for believing that the military experience of Americans would be different from that of all other human beings. For instance, during the last quarter of a century the general feeling has spread abroad that America was quite a musical Nation; and it is true that in the large cities of the Eastern seaboard and quite far into the Middle West there is a good deal of listening to music in the form of opera and concerts, given, for the most part, by imported musicians; but when we reach the great heart of the country, we find that the natural instincts of the people are almost entirely starved, or, at any rate, very poorly nourished. For a musical nation is not one which merely listens to music made by others, any more than a people is athletic if, instead of exercising themselves, they watch others indulge in gymnastics. A musical people is one which considers music such an indispensable food and tonic for their own spirits and imaginations that they sing and play in every activity of daily life just as freely and naturally as they laugh and speak. For many centuries this has been true of all the great European nations—the Italians, French, Scotch, Irish, Scandinavians, Russians, and others—and the result is the great body of folk-song and folk-dance which is the priceless heritage of all these nations. Just why the American has not yet become a singing animal (as Aristotle said every one was a social animal) is a difficult matter to explain, although, doubtless, if sufficient time were taken, reasonable causes might be suggested; but, at any rate, it is a fact. Surely one of the most direct products of this war will be the bringing home to the whole body politic of the value of music; for by means of the stress of war, which is bringing the whole country together, a love of music may be carried into the most remote parts of the country.

Good regimental bands have always furnished one of the most sympathetic bonds between the body politic and the Government of any given country, and we earnestly hope that more and more, both during the war and after it, we shall have in America a number of such bands which shall consider it their pleasure and duty to play at all public and patriotic meetings, especially on National holidays, thus impressing upon all citizens the stimulating effect of martial music.

In a number of the camps in the Middle West and in Texas we were told by officers and song leaders that there were drafted men who had come in from remote towns and settlements who had never seen any musical instruments, such as a pianoforte and violin, and who had no idea that men could make pleasing sounds with their vocal organs in connection with the uttering of words. Men would often come in who, when they were asked to sing, would say, "No, we aren't going to sing. No one can make us do anything silly like that," whereupon the song leader would ask them merely to sit down and listen to a group of men who were singing some of our National songs, oftentimes accompanied by a military band. In every case it was noticed that after a few moments these same bashful objectors were singing their heads off.

It was of great interest to observe the effect of racial tendencies in different parts of the country. Many of the Far Western States, as is well known, were largely settled by Germans, Scandinavians, Poles, and Hungarians, and in the home environment of all these races music had always been an indispensable element. When offshoots of these racial stocks came to this new vast country, and had to spend their best energies in the grim struggle for existence and getting ahead, it seems as if their inborn love for music became incrusted, or even sometimes partially crushed out; but it is evident that it is still there and only needs the impetus of some great emergency to bring it out. The American people, in fact, west of the Mississippi, although as a whole they have had nowhere near the advantages of the Eastern sections of the country in listening to music and in musical training, are far more hungry for music, and, as soon as

[1] W. Kirkpatrick Brice, Chairman; Lee F. Hanmer (*ex officio*), Mrs. George Barrell, John Alden Carpenter, M. Morgenthau, Jr., Treasurer, Walter R. Spalding, Owen Wister, Frederick S. Converse, Wallace Goodrich.

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they have any opportunity for musical expression, take advantage of it in a more whole-hearted, spontaneous fashion. At the great training camp at Fort Worth, Texas, where the regiments from Wisconsin and Michigan were in training, we heard a remarkable performance by ten regimental bands of forty players in each band, composed largely of Americans of German and Scandinavian blood, under the leadership of a very talented German-American, Steinmetz. They played with a fervor and musical skill which should be an inspiration and model to every other section of the country.

One of the most difficult problems to adjust is the balance between music in its recreational aspects and music as a means towards increasing military efficiency—and hence to be treated as a regular part of the military schedule. Our Committee wishes to make it perfectly clear that, although there is no objection to the soldiers, when they are out of hours, having all the music they like and of whatever kind they like, yet when they are being trained to fight the music should be of a dignified and exalted tone, worthy of being used by those who are offering their lives in support of a high ideal or are taking the lives of others who are opposing that ideal; for it is true that a great many well-meaning people in our country have as yet no conception of music beyond its recreational use, and it is also true that through various agencies in the training camps, such as the Y. M. C. A. (which is worthy of great credit in its own particular field), the whole subject of music at first was taken up from the recreational side. However we may theorize as to the justification of war, it is a serious and dignified operation, and our American soldiers should be taught to sing and play the most stirring martial and patriotic tunes of America and of all the Allied nations. Our universal experience with the soldiers in the training camps was that they welcomed music of this kind—such tunes, for instance, as "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "The Star-Spangled Banner," "The Marseillaise," "Men of Harlech," "Scots Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled," and many others. The military authorities all indorse them, and all that is needed is a strong public sentiment which realizes that in this war, the greatest in history, we must utilize music of the most fiery and sublime nature. The great composer Beethoven said that the prime function of all music was "to strike fire from the heart of man;" and that may well be the creed of every American soldier.

One of the strongest arguments in favor of the use of music in distinction from other recreational activities is that in music the men are actually using their powers and doing something themselves. It was evident in each one of the training camps how much more eager the men were to sing and play themselves than to listen to music made by others. And this general principle is true in many other fields; the soldiers prefer to organize their dramatic shows, as a general rule, although, to be sure, they like to be delighted by good performances given by others. The whole essence of music is that it is a constructive art rather than one depending upon mere passivity.

What we need to win this war is a flaming patriotism instead of an amiable and acquiescent tendency to academic discussion; and music arouses men to do their utmost, to go through hell itself, more than any other tonic available. Both mythological legends and historical records corroborate this statement; and when we consider the effect of music upon the so-called lower animals, there is no reason why man, the highest of all the animals, should be an exception. On a tour of inspection we would often pass by a paddock crowded with tired-out horses with heads down and drooping tails; but let a few buglers pass by, when, presto! the horses would neigh, prance about, and act as if entirely made over. The newspaper accounts of the war have spoken often of the great inspiration music has given to the Allied soldiers, both to key them up for a charge and afterwards, often when on retreat, to infuse them with new strength sufficient to reach a place of safety. During one of the battles in France a large body of retreating men were so exhausted that they were on the point of lying down, when one of the commanding officers rushed to a near-by village and bought all the toy instruments, such as mouth organs, available. By means of tunes on these humble instruments the spirit of the men was so revived that they pulled themselves together and marched ten miles to a safe line of defense.

Every one must have read of the stirring effect upon the Italian soldiers during last autumn's campaign when a large military band stationed on a high peak, under the leadership of our New York conductor Toscanini, played fiery marches while the men were charging in the valley below.

General Pershing has sent back from France an official recommendation that our regimental bands should be substantially enlarged and trained to the highest point of efficiency, for, in his opinion, nothing contributes more to the fighting morale of the men. Our Committee has in its possession a similar recommendation from many of the officers of the Army.

Instances of the tonic value of music might be multiplied indefinitely. We are convinced that a victorious American army must have its spirit fed with the most inspiring instrumental and vocal music which can be obtained. An interesting matter for speculation, and one which we are earnestly considering, is how much genuine American material is available for this purpose, and how many original songs this crisis in our National life is likely to produce. Compositions (both words and music) for our soldiers would comprise not only those of definitely martial character, but also those of a quiet sentiment—for example, those having for their main theme the influence of family and home and country. The stress and strain of our Civil War brought forth "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "John Brown's Body," and "Dixie;" but when we add to these some of our beautiful and touching Southern plantation songs, such as "'Way Down upon the Suwanee River," "Old Black Joe," and so on, we are about at the end of purely American material. We are all justly proud of "The Star-Spangled Banner," as it is our own, but even from the standpoint of practical effectiveness it cannot justly be compared with the "Marseillaise," with "Men of Harlech," "Scots Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled," and several of the great martial tunes of the French, the Irish, and the Italians. As we are partners in an actual military alliance with several of the great European nations, it would seem just that we should also employ some of their music, especially as they have been doing the fighting for us now for several years. This does not mean that original American music will not be welcome. The Committee earnestly believes that in time we shall become all aglow with patriotic fire, and that this unified spirit will manifest itself in inspiring music. But there is not much likelihood of music coming out of America which can be compared with the tunes cited above until we have plunged into the war with the same "do or die" spirit which has been so gloriously manifested by our allies.

Just a word in closing as to the specific duties of the National Committee on Army and Navy Camp Music. We are planning to establish a song leader and a band supervisor in each of the training camps and naval stations, and in many of these posts competent men have been at work now for several months. This musical work is a part of the military schedule and is carried out by orders from headquarters. The generals and staff officers have been most enthusiastic and co-operative, and, with very few exceptions, take a great interest, particularly in their regimental bands, and realize the bracing effect of singing among the men. An eloquent indorsement of the value of music toward increasing military efficiency is the following statement from Colonel E. M. Markham, of the 303d Engineers, Camp Dix, New Jersey. The whole and chief purpose of our Committee is to work hand in hand with the military authorities and to prove to them that music is able to justify the good opinion which they have already formed of it:

"The army camps, of all places in the world, are the last where cheap music should prevail to the practical exclusion of that of better grade. There should be a sustained effort to introduce more thoughtful music, which may well be interspersed with advantage to all concerned with the less stable variety. In all ages good music has been depended upon to quicken valor and invite unity. Uniformly it has been of the highest service in the creation of a purposeful spirit, and I am quite certain, as I have several times previously declared, that it can well replace a considerable amount of routine drill. This is not so revolutionary as it sounds, for once such a spirit has been instilled the soldier is sufficiently eager to perfect himself in his routine duties. Music has always been a force to quicken

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endurance and to unify the mass spirit of men to the highest degree.

"Theoretically music is a gratuity, a luxury; practically it has proved itself to be a necessity. The simple truth is that one of the vital forces of a nation is its music, and that in the accomplishment of a huge task wherein all its energizing processes are required, the value of music should be carefully regarded."

Let us relight the fires of patriotism by means of the glowing power of music; in this way we shall not only contribute vitally toward the winning of the war, but make ourselves a stronger and more unified people.

HOW AUSTRALIA ANSWERED THE CALL

BY R. HUGH KNYVETT
AUSTRALIAN INTELLIGENCE AND SCOUTING OFFICER

This article by Captain Knyvett was written shortly before his recent death in this country. A review by ex-President Roosevelt of Captain Knyvett's noteworthy book "Over There with the Australians," appeared in The Outlook last week.—THE EDITORS.

WITHIN twenty-four hours of the knowledge of the invasion of Belgium by Germany, the Australian Prime Minister had cabled to the British Prime Minister offering all the equipped and trained troops in Australia for service in any part of the world that was desired. This decision had the unanimous support of the whole Australian nation; not that we wanted to fight anybody, not even did we desire to help England or fight for France. But instinctively we felt that already France was fighting our battle.

In our isolation in the South Seas we had been used to doing pretty much as we pleased, without much regard to the feelings of other peoples. In the proud arrogance of our young manhood, we had insulted another nation, the ally of our Empire, and refused to allow them to land on our soil because of the color of their skin. We had slapped in the face the subject princes of British India, bolting, banging, and barring our door in their faces, for they were not white.

We had so acted in supreme confidence, knowing that there was no possibility of our being able to defend ourselves did these myriad hosts of colored peoples that lie on our borders plan to attack us, but we felt that our Empire and the civilized world recognized that all peoples have a right to govern themselves as they please, so long as they do not menace any other people.

When we knew that Germany had invaded Belgium and attacked France, we realized that here was a nation challenging that cardinal principle of our political faith, and no small nation had more at stake in this conflict than had we; and it was degrading to our manhood to lie snug in the shadow of the great navy of our motherland. Now was the opportunity to prove ourselves worthy of our blood and fight in our own defense.

There were some other motives that stirred the hearts of the young men of our land when we flocked to the colors more than three years ago. Some of us felt that big things were being done, and "Australia ought to be there." History was being made on a large scale, and Australia had not had much chance to be put on the map, and it was up to us to put her there. (I have been asked in this country if Australia belonged to the United States, and also told that I speak pretty good English for an Australian!) Others thought that it would be a good chance to see the world at Government expense, a sort of cheap Cook's tour. We did not expect a long war, and none of us had any bitterness against the German people or soldiers.

Since those days we have paid a very heavy price to "make the world safe for democracy." For, though we have given only ten per cent of our population, no country could so ill spare its young men from the work of production. Never a land so starved for men, and we have given almost half a million out of a total population of less than five million. We have still our pioneering to do—the back-blocks to open up—and we shall feel very bitterly the loss of the sixty thousand who have gone forever. These young men, the future fathers of our race, how shall we replace them? How we hunger for people, this land of larger area than the United States, with about the population of New York City!

The Australian armies have been raised entirely by the voluntary system, and the burden has fallen unequally over the continent. The country districts have given more than their share; as usual, the majority of slackers are in the large cities. Among the most remarkable sights our island continent has witnessed were what are called the "snowball marches." Away somewhere in the "never-never" a group of young men would start to walk to the coast cities to enlist, gathering fresh bodies in every town through which they passed, until they would arrive in Sydney or Melbourne a company or battalion strong. The "Kangaroos," one of these bodies, marched about five hundred miles; like distances were covered by the "Wallabys" and the "Wallaroos." After a while the Government sat up and took note, and arranged to give training in discipline to these bodies on the march, and they were organized into distinct units. Some of these country districts have been entirely drained of their young men. Within fifty miles of my home town there is not a man under fifty years of age. I know a family in which the father and five sons have all been killed. When recruiting in Victoria a few weeks ago, a young lad (nineteen years of age) enlisted, and his mother came to me and said: "His father and two brothers were killed in Gallipoli, his other brother is in France; he is all I have left, but, had I as many more, you could have them all!" There are hundreds of thousands of acres of wheat that can't be harvested—there is no labor; there are hundreds of thousands of sheep that can't be shorn—there are no men to do it.

But there is no thought in Australia of easing up in our contribution to the cause. No more than in Great Britain are we holding back to allow America to do her bit. There is no question that the toll in deaths from the British Empire, even in the last year of war, will be more than from America.

The "I Won't Work" organization recently appeared in Australia, and, misreading the failure of the referendum for conscription into showing that the country was willing to slow down a little in patriotism, they forced a general election, saying that Australia had done enough, as much as any small country could be expected to do. They won over a majority of the Senate, causing a deadlock between the two houses. However, a coalition was formed between the best of the Labor members and the Liberals, called the National party, and this party appealed to the people for support, on the grounds that Australia was pledged to send the last man and the last shilling if need be. "Though Australia had done more than any other country, even then we should ask ourselves what more can we do, whereas we have not done as much as Great Britain, or more than Canada."

Women have had suffrage for over twenty years in Australia, and it was asking a lot to call on these women to return to power a Government pledged to send from the country the last man. There has not been a day in all these three years that there have not been hundreds of Australian wives made widows, not a week in all these three years that there has not been more than a full page of casualties in our papers. Every woman in our country, if she has not seen the name of her near kin there, has seen the name of some one she knows, and just now women form the majority of the voters.

Yet the National party won every seat in every State in the Senate, and two-thirds of the seats in the House of Representatives. No Government has ever had such a majority in our country before.

It is very easy to misunderstand the meaning of the failure of conscription in Australia. There were several things that explain why thousands voted against it. There was, first of all, the feeling that enough men were volunteering, and it is certain that if we had had conscription from the beginning we could not have sent more men, for recruits have come in as fast as

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their equipment was ready for them. Many people also thought that the soldiers who had enlisted would not fight alongside conscripts, and this was supported by numbers of letters from the troops in France and Egypt published in the papers. Among some of the despicable methods adopted by the I. W. W.'s and anti-conscriptionists was the sending of a photograph of a grave "somewhere in France" to every mother who had a son fighting over there. This was done the night before the voting, and no doubt many mothers hesitated to vote that their remaining sons should be forced to go or in favor of forcing the sons of other women to go.

When it became known that the soldiers themselves had voted in favor of conscription, there was a complete reversal of public opinion, and there is no doubt that if the Government were again to submit the issue it would be carried by a large majority. This is shown by the fact that candidates who came out openly in favor of conscription were successful in electorates where the majority had voted against it in the referendum.

There is no doubt that the real feeling of the Australian people is that it would be better that we should perish as a nation than be free at the cost of an Englishman's blood, a Frenchman's blood, or the blood of the sons of any other people but our own. We are fighting for ourselves, in our own defense, for every Australian has enough intelligence to know that it is in France that Australian home defense is being secured. If the day is not ours there, what can protect us out yonder? If Germany is not destroyed now, it will only be a matter of time before we shall be helpless under her iron hand in our own land.

This was brought home to me very clearly one day last year in France. I was talking to a little French girl in the town of Estaires. She was a typical French miss—dainty, petite, refined, vivacious; her father was one of the Town Councilors—a girl as well brought up and sheltered as any in this land; she had been educated in a convent, with its atmosphere of gentleness and modesty. Well, I shall never forget how this little girl changed into a fury before my eyes as some German prisoners were led past. Her eyes blazed, her face was like paper, and it was as if she held a dagger in her hand. She said, "Oh, how I could kill them!" Tell me, men of America, what was it that would so change such a girl—a girl to whom before the war the very sight of blood was abhorrent, who would almost faint at a cut finger—make her want to slay with her own hands? I'll tell you. That girl had seen things no girl ought to be permitted to see while there are men on the earth. She turned to me with tears in her eyes, ashamed that her feelings had betrayed her, and she said, "Oh, how good of you Australians to come over here to fight for us!" I turned to her and had to say the truth: "M'selle, we did not come here to fight for you at all; we came to fight for our own women folk, for we know that, though you live next door to these filthy beasts, we live in the same street, and after they had dealt with you it would be our turn and the turn of our women folk if we did not come and fight the fight of Australia's home defense here on your soil." And it is for American home defense that you are fighting, or you are not wanted in this fight at all. Germany can and would be beaten without America's help, and I say to you, "Hurry, hurry, lest this war end without you."

There was a movement recently in Australia to give the men who had had over three years' trench service a six months' furlough. It was thought that these men—all that were left of the original contingent—must be war weary, that their nerves needed this rest. Men from Great Britain and Canada can get home on leave now and then, but Australia is too far away, and these men have not seen their home folk for over three years. Well, they refused to leave. While they are able to fight no one else shall fight for *their* mothers, sisters, sweethearts, or wives.

These boys were the same that were the last to leave the front-line trenches at Anzac on the evacuation from Gallipoli. They were what were left there of the men who had made that glorious landing, and they requested the place of greatest danger—the post of honor—and it could not be refused them.

This evacuation was in direct contrast to the landing, but not less unique in the annals of military history. Whereas in the landing these Australians displayed impetuosity, dash, berserker rage, individual initiative, fierce hand-to-hand fighting (every man his own general), for which we would have to go to mediæval history to parallel; in the evacuation they displayed the exactly opposite qualities of coolness, co-ordination, silence, obedience, imagination; an example of discipline—a body of men acting as a unit, in perfect response to a single will—such as has been excelled by no troops in the world.

These opposing qualities were required by the different circumstances of each exploit, and in neither case would anything else have been successful.

The men who took part in that landing have never ceased to wonder how it was accomplished. Those beaches were mined, were strewn with barb-wire out into deep water (so thick that it could not be cut with pliers, and in the end was towed out to sea by destroyers), were swept by machine-gun and rifle fire, held by an intrenched enemy superior in numbers and armament. Two-thirds of the landing force was killed in the boats before they touched the beach, but the remaining men not only landed in that hail of lead and drove the Turks out of their first intrenchments, but scaled cliffs hundreds of feet high and went miles inland that first day, digging in three miles inland.

During six months that little force of amateur soldiers from Australia and New Zealand hung on to that strip of land by the skin of their teeth, always against a force superior in numbers, having more machine guns and artillery, with their base behind their backs (the city with the greatest resources of any in the East only a few hours away), always with an army in reserve on the Asiatic shore five times as large as the British Expeditionary Force. Of course the Anzacs (Australian-New Zealand Army Corps) did not make up one-half the forces on the peninsula, and there were no troops superior to the Twenty-ninth British Division that landed at Cape Helles, or the French colonial troops that landed on the Asiatic shore.

All the stores for the British troops had to be brought from Egypt; the immediate base at Lemnos would not have supported a single ship; the navy was "father and mother to us;" every drop of water, every ounce of food, every cartridge, every splinter of firewood, had to be brought by the navy.

Well, when it was found that the force was not large enough to accomplish the final purpose of holding the narrows to allow the navy to get through, we had to evacuate immediately, as on those beaches there is no landing for boats during the winter gales, and we could not have existed a single day without landing of stores. So the evacuation was set about, and a great game of bluff it was.

Right up to the last day troops were landed every day. A thousand, say, would be taken away at night, then five hundred would be landed in daylight—it must have looked to the Turkish airplanes as if we were making a fresh landing; stores were taken away by night and the empty boxes piled on the beach during the day—it looked as if we were laying in for the winter. Of the many clever things invented on the peninsula one of the cutest was a device whereby rifles were actually being fired in the front-line trenches after every man had left. The Turks were absolutely bluffed. When the stores left behind were fired they thought their shells had done it, and completed the work of destruction by bombarding them very heavily, so that they got practically no loot.

About the last to leave the actual beach at Anzac was a hospital unit (medical officers, *padre*, and orderlies). It was intended that they should care for what wounded there were and be taken over by the Turks. A lot of sympathy was wasted on them, for they came off in the last boats, as there were no wounded at all.

I have heard in this country that if we had held on a few hours longer we could have taken the Turks' position, as they were out of ammunition. What a pity there was not an American there to tell us at the time! Of course it is just German propaganda; the absurdity of it can be at once seen when it is remembered that there was a Krupp factory in Constantinople turning out more per day than was being used.

We Australians, in the freest land on earth, reach across the Great Ocean of Peace (Pacific) to our cousins in this great democracy, clasping your hands in congratulation that at last you have joined us in this great fight for world freedom, and none will rejoice more than we Australians that when the great day of peace comes America will stand with uplifted head among the free peoples who have sacrificed for liberty, and that for American liberty American blood has been shed.

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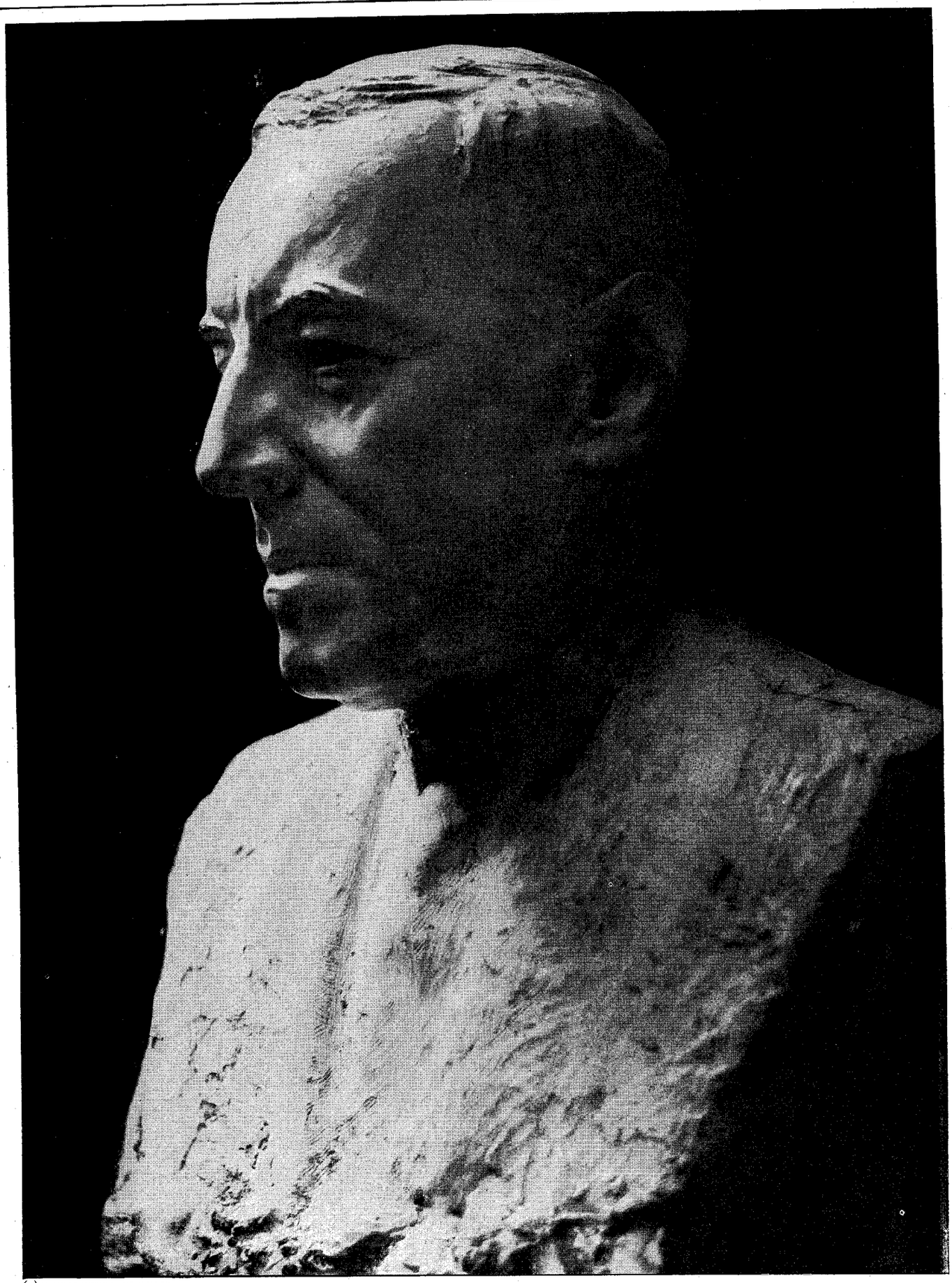
CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



(C) VANDER WEYDE, NEW YORK

AN INTERESTING CHARACTER STUDY OF PRESIDENT WILSON

This striking portrait bust of the President is the work of Mr. Jo Davidson, of New York City, for whom Mr. Wilson sat at the White House many times for the purpose of making it. The bust was shown at the Exhibition of the Allied Sculptors at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York City, during the past winter. Before this Exhibition, a photograph of a less interesting aspect of this bust was printed in The Outlook. The "win the war" expression of the present reproduction makes its publication at this time of special pertinence

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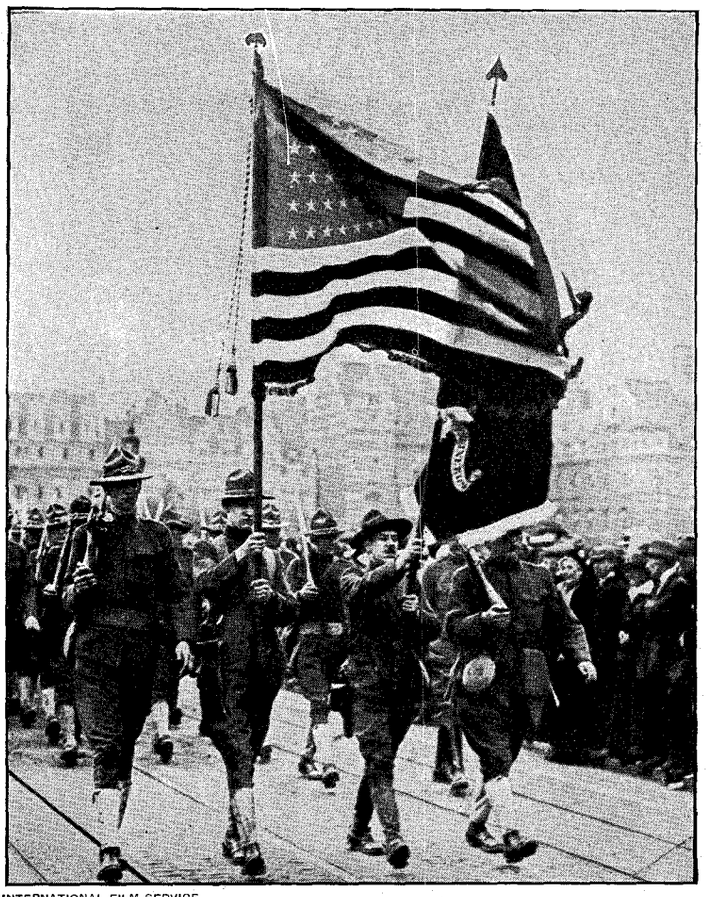


INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

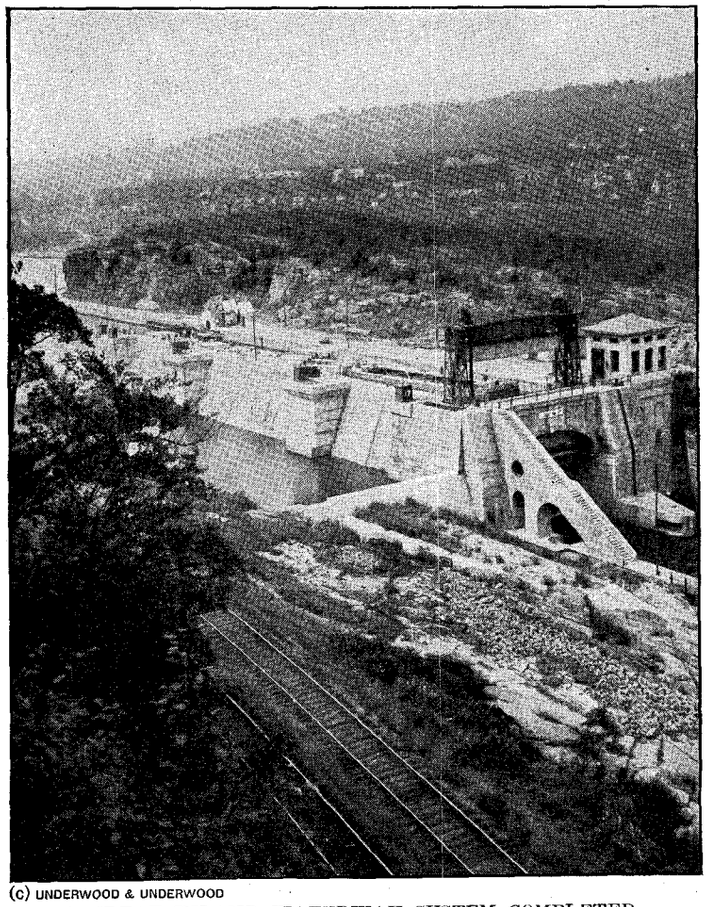
AMERICAN TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH LONDON

The spirit of determination to "see the thing through" that was manifested by our troops on their recent appearance in London was the subject of enthusiastic comment by the vast crowds of onlookers that acclaimed their arrival

PHOTO FROM BRITISH AND CANADIAN RECRUITING MISSION

JEWISH VOLUNTEERS IN NEW YORK CITY

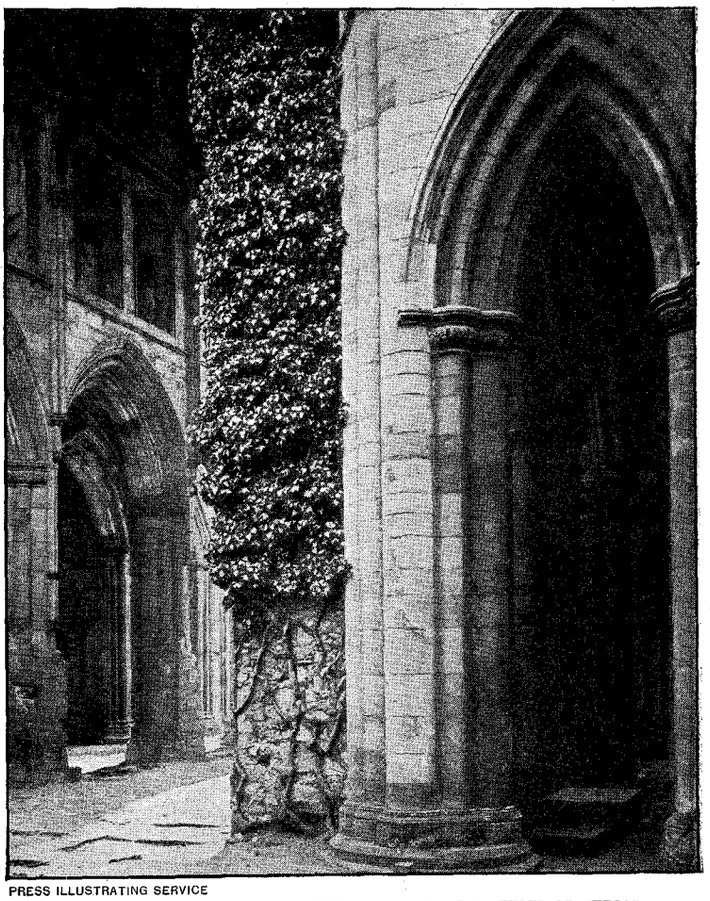
Hundreds of young New York Jews have volunteered for service in the British army in Palestine. They are drawn from classes exempt from service in the American army. Some of the volunteers are shown in the above photograph



(C) UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A GREAT INLAND WATERWAY SYSTEM COMPLETED

On May 15 the new Barge Canal of New York was opened for through traffic. The picture shows the largest lock in the system—Lock No. 17, at Little Falls, N. Y. The Canal has cost nearly $150,000,000, and it is hoped that it will be of great help in relieving the present congestion of traffic



PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

MELROSE ABBEY A GIFT TO THE BRITISH NATION

A despatch announces that Melrose Abbey, one of the most venerated structures in Great Britain, has been offered to the nation by the Duke of Buccleuch. In this celebrated Abbey was buried the heart of Robert Bruce, the Scottish national hero. The best preserved part of the Abbey is shown above

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(C) BY REED, FROM INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

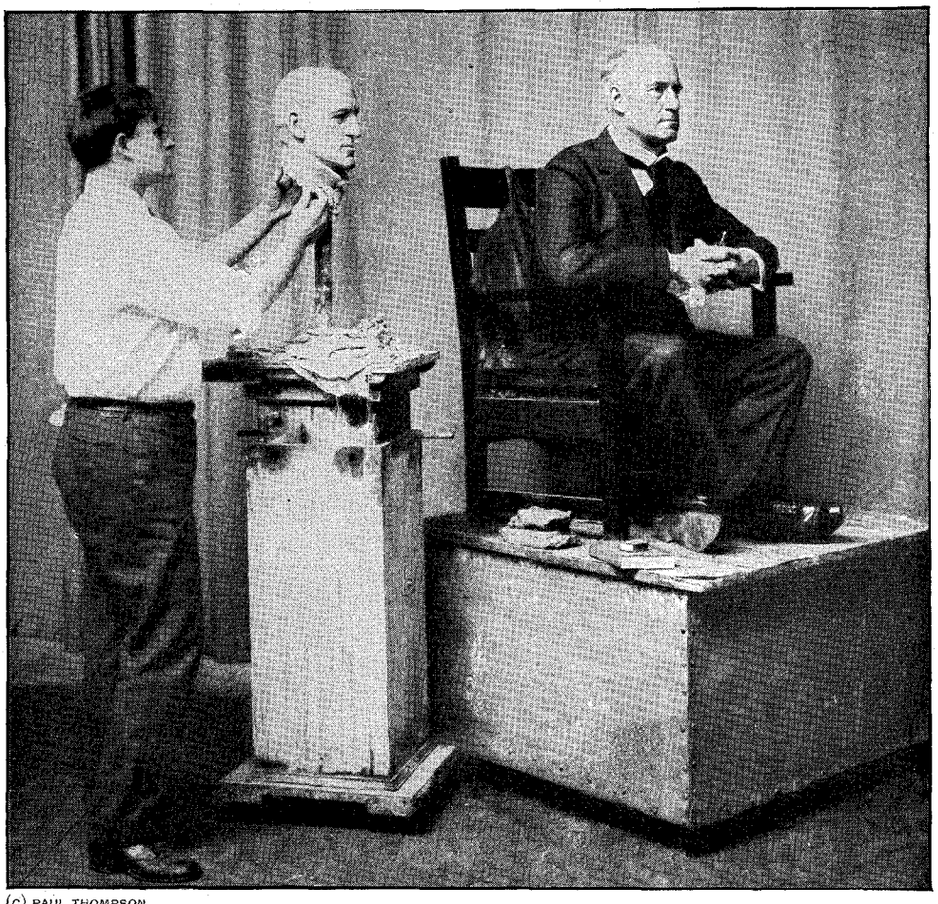
CAPTAIN ANTONIO SILVIO RESNATI, OF THE ITALIAN AIR SERVICE

(C) INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

MAJOR RAOUL LUFBERY, OF THE AMERICAN AIR SERVICE

NOTED AVIATORS WHO HAVE GIVEN THE LAST MEASURE OF DEVOTION TO THE ALLIED CAUSE

Captain Resnati was killed in America while helping to train our Army aviators. Major Lufbery died at the front while fighting a German armored plane. Both had greatly distinguished themselves in the Allied service



(C) PAUL THOMPSON

A SCULPTOR'S METHOD OF MAKING A PORTRAIT

This interesting exhibition of the way in which a sculptor produces his work shows the studio of Mr. James Fraser, in Macdougal Alley, New York City. Mr. Fraser, at the left, is making a bust of the well-known artist Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, who occupies the chair at the right

(C) INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

CHARLES E. HUGHES, INVESTIGATOR OF AIRCRAFT PRODUCTION

The selection of Mr. Hughes by President Wilson as the investigator of the charges in regard to the manufacture of aircraft reflects credit alike on Mr. Hughes's reputation for fairness and acumen and on President Wilson's liberality and discernment in choosing a former political rival for the work

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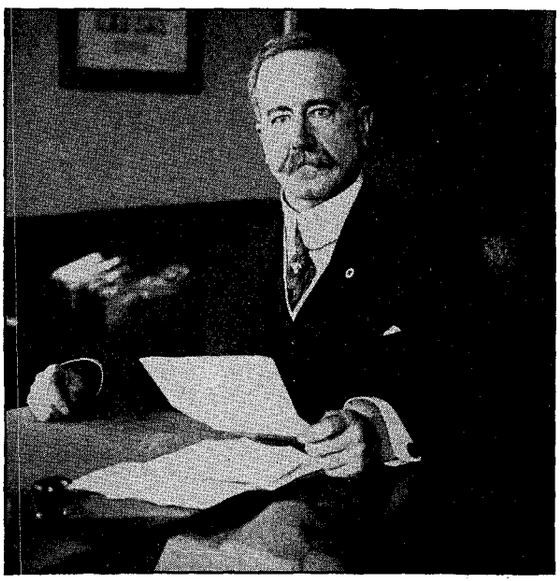
THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY



JOHN SKELTON WILLIAMS
The Comptroller of the Currency

THE MAN AND THE JOB

BY
THEODORE H. PRICE
EDITOR OF
"COMMERCE AND FINANCE"

After the Secretary of the Treasury, whose adjutant he is, the Comptroller of the Currency is the most important officer of finance in our Government. He has directly under his control some 7,700 National banks, whose resources now exceed $18,000,000,000. He also has supervision of all currency issues and is *ex officio* a member of the Federal Reserve Board. The present Comptroller, John Skelton Williams, holds several other important positions, but his office, considered entirely in the light of the banking power that is under his direction, makes him one of the most responsible and influential financial functionaries in the world. As such we think that the following description of the present Comptroller and his many activities is of timely interest to the readers of The Outlook.—THE EDITORS.

OF Lloyd George it has recently been said: "If ever there was a man who glories in conflict and eats trouble alive, it is he. It is the breath of his life, the flint that strikes sparks from his steel."

These words are as applicable to John Skelton Williams as to Lloyd George, for ever since the Comptroller of the Currency has been in public office, and long before, he has been eating trouble alive, and his appetite seems to grow by what it feeds upon.

He may be described as the man who has put the office of the Comptroller of the Currency on the map; for while nearly every one knows that he has filled that position for some years now, it is to be doubted whether there are many persons in the United States who can name any of his predecessors. While the office, first established in 1863, has been held by some men who subsequently became prominent as bankers, it can hardly be said that any of them were, during the time of their incumbency as Comptroller, the National figure that John Skelton Williams is to-day. It may perhaps be true that the conditions have favored Mr. Williams, for he has been in office during a period in which the constructive man has had unusual opportunities, but if he had not been constructive and forceful he might have remained Comptroller without impressing himself upon the country as he has.

As there is a Comptroller of the Treasury as well as a Comptroller of the Currency, and the financial machinery of the Government is becoming so multiplex that there are but few who understand which functions the various agencies perform, it may be well to explain just what duties Mr. Williams is charged with. Under the law creating his office, which was passed concurrently with the National Bank Act in 1863, he was made responsible for the issuance of the currency authorized by Congress, including especially the then newly authorized National bank notes, and the supervision of the Nationalized banks by whom these notes were issued. Thus it happens that he is empowered to charter National banks, is provided with a force of bank examiners through whom he is kept apprised of the condition of the institutions under his care, is empowered to close up and liquidate mismanaged or insolvent banks and to punish and prosecute their officers and any others who may have violated the banking laws.

Since 1863 the duties and responsibilities of the Comptroller of the Currency have been vastly increased, and he has become almost an adjutant to the Secretary of the Treasury, with whom he is, of necessity, in constant touch. Under the Federal Reserve Act he is *ex officio* a member of the Federal Reserve Board, and Mr. Williams is, in addition, Director of the Division of Finance and Purchases of the United States Railroad Administration, a member of the Capital Issues Commission, which determines what securities may or may not be issued during the war, Treasurer of the American National Red Cross, and, under appointment of the President, a member of its Central Committee. As Director of the Division of Finance and Purchases of the United States Railroad Administration Mr. Williams has supervision of the purchase, yearly, of some $2,000,000,000 worth of supplies and equipment for 300,000 miles of railway, and has general direction of the financing of the component systems to enable them to meet these vast requirements and also provide for the hundreds of millions of dollars of bonds maturing every year.

As a sidelight upon his character and methods I may mention that when this list of his various offices was supplied to me by one of his subordinates I remarked, "I suppose he is simply Honorary Treasurer of the Red Cross," and was answered, "Mr. Williams couldn't be 'honorary' anything. He knows all about the Red Cross, where the money is kept, and how it is spent." The impression that the man makes upon his associates may be inferred from a statement made to me by one of his colleagues in the Railroad Administration, who said, "I am really astonished by the unyielding thoroughness that Williams shows. He is ruthless in demanding the facts, and gets things done with amazing speed."

These comments are interpolated by way of explaining how one man can "hold down" so many different jobs successfully. They are all interrelated in that they all have to do with the custody and expenditure of the Nation's money, but each of them involves a study of and acquaintance with problems and activities that are widely divergent.

In so far, however, as these problems are those of finance and transportation Mr. Williams is peculiarly well qualified to deal with them by his experience before he became Comptroller. He is a Virginian of distinguished ancestry. His father, John L. Williams, who had been in the Confederate army and Financial Agent of the Confederate Government, was a prominent banker in Richmond, Virginia, and made his son a partner in the firm of John L. Williams & Son in 1886, as soon as the

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younger man had reached his majority. It was not long before his genius for financial organization commenced to assert itself. He has been an active factor, as either director or president, in banks and trust companies in Baltimore and New York as well as in the South since he was twenty-five years of age; and in 1901 was elected President or Chairman of the Trust Company Section of the American Bankers' Association and a member of the Executive Council of the Association. He found time to direct his energies towards the development of railway interests in the South; and by the time he was twenty-nine years of age he had put together a railway 300 miles long in Georgia and Alabama, of which he was chosen president. With this as a nucleus, he built up the Seaboard Air Line system by consolidation, purchase, and construction, until by 1900 he had 3,000 miles of railway traversing the Atlantic coast from Virginia to Florida under his direction, and at the age of thirty-five was president of one of the most important trunk lines in the country.

It was the rapid growth of this system and its competition for the traffic that the older through lines had previously monopolized that brought its young president into conflict with certain financial powers in New York who seemed to feel that their preserves were being invaded. As railway competition in the United States is now at an end and bankers no longer have a proprietary interest in the transportation facilities upon which the business of the Nation depends, it is unnecessary to rewrite the history of an episode that was characteristic of the period when capitalists fought for the control of railways and the right to exploit them as their private property. Mr. Williams made a good fight, in which he won the respect of his antagonists; and while the control of the Seaboard system was wrested away from him by strategic methods that would be condemned to-day, it is a mistake to assume that he cherishes any resentment toward those who were responsible for his discomfiture.

He is too busy, even if he were not too big, to be looking backward, and his passion to-day is to make the financial and transportation agencies of the country so efficient that they will be equal to any demands that may be made on them during the war and in the subsequent era of prosperity that he foresees. He is one of the group to whose vision of the future, its opportunities and its requirements, we are largely indebted for the Federal Reserve Act, the Farm Loan Bill, the measure providing for Federal administration of the railways, the law creating the War Finance Corporation, and much other legislation designed to safeguard, develop, and give increased flexibility to the credit and transportation machinery of the country.

It is to be doubted whether the public realizes or will ever realize the obligation that the Nation is under to this group of men, specially notable among whom, besides the President, under whose inspiration and stimulus they worked, are Secretary McAdoo, Senator Owen, and Representative Glass.

Their success in securing the adoption of the most constructive and progressive plan of fiscal reform and reorganization ever devised in this or any other country enabled us to avert National bankruptcy during the early stages of the war, and is now making it possible for us to carry so lightly the enormous financial burdens that we have assumed.

From his earliest youth Mr. Williams has been a constructive optimist. When he was but twenty-six years of age he delivered an address in Nashville upon the "Credit of the South" that presaged the future of that section with extraordinary accuracy, and ever since the synthetic quality of his vision has been evident in deed as well as in word. A man of education and a student of law at the University of Virginia, he has a gift of eloquent and picturesque expression and the capacity for inspiring leadership. Naturally, he has enemies. They are always the proof and the penalty of aggressiveness; but he has also innumerable friends, and one of them said to me that his chief fault, if it be a fault, is his loyalty to his friends. This instinct of loyalty to the obligations of friendship is, after all, but a form of the honesty that demands fidelity in every relation of life.

His rigorous enforcement of the banking laws since he became Comptroller is another product of the same honesty of character. He plays no favorites, and some transgressors who, prior to his incumbency, had come to believe that they were above the law have accused him of personal vindictiveness because he has compelled them to abandon practices that have been adjudged illegal. This was the case in a controversy that he had with a prominent bank in Washington, whose management now admits that the present prosperity of the institution is in no small degree due to the rigor and promptitude of the Comptroller's action.

He has upon more than one occasion reprimanded the banks that charged usurious rates of interest. He recently refused to grant a charter to a bank whose incorporators, being men of wealth, had failed to subscribe their reasonable share to the Liberty Bond issues, and only the other day he gave financial New York a severe jolt by borrowing $6,000,000 for the New York Central Railroad at 6 per cent when the most powerful banking concern in the world had told him that it had found it impossible to get the money for less than 7 per cent.

He maintains that there can be profiteering in the matter of interest rates as well as in the price of commodities, and he is an iconoclast with regard to many traditions and methods that formerly had the sanction of high finance.

It is not surprising, therefore, that he has had and still has a good many fights on his hands, but it is this very pugnacity in behalf of what he believes to be right that is making him a popular character and a notable man.

In joining with the Secretary of the Treasury in advocacy of a provision in the Federal Reserve Law that makes the Secretaries and Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury, the Comptroller of the Currency, and the Governors of the Federal Reserve Boards ineligible for election as officers or directors of any National bank for two years after they have held any of the offices named, he has eliminated the personal equation of their future banking affiliations from the calculations of these various functionaries, and he is absolutely unafraid of the power by which some of his predecessors have been overawed.

As under the law he cannot receive in the aggregate more than $12,000 per annum from the Government for all the duties he performs and all the offices he holds, it is impossible to imagine that the monetary reward of his position can have any appeal for him. He is a fiend for work and detail, and it is not at all unusual for him to be found in his office at midnight. As a hard worker for the Government he is not, however, peculiar at present. There are hundreds of other men in Washington who draw no pay and are just as industrious as he.

Mr. Williams is conspicuous among them, not for his devotion to the country, but by virtue of the dynamic idealism in which that devotion expresses itself. As his associate already quoted said, "He gets things done with amazing speed," and although in getting them done he sometimes jostles the conservatives, he never seems to forget the interest of the people or the law that he has sworn to obey and enforce. His insistence upon the observance of the law by the banks has been, in fact, responsible for most of the trouble and criticism that he has encountered as Comptroller. The results, however, appear to justify the policy Mr. Williams has pursued.

He was appointed Comptroller in February, 1914. During the thirty-three years prior to his appointment the annual loss to National bank depositors by failure had averaged twenty-eight one-thousandths of one per cent of the total National bank deposits. In the three years ending October 31, 1917, this ratio had been reduced to three one-thousandths of one per cent, or almost nothing; and in about the same period, which is almost coincident with that of the war and the financial unsettlement incident to it, the resources of the National banks under his supervision have increased from $11,492,453,000 to $18,553,197,000, or by over sixty-one per cent.

Such a record takes the point off criticism and makes the man at whom it is directed the despair of his enemies. And this phrase exactly describes John Skelton Williams. He is the despair of the enemies who fear his force and rectitude, the delight of the friends who rejoice in his sympathetic and unswerving loyalty; a big, strong, human character who hits hard but never unfairly, and is daily becoming more widely known to his countrymen as a man whom they can trust.

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of May 29, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: New Power for the President; Aircraft Production.

Reference: Pages 175, 176; editorial, page 181.

Questions:

1. Is The Outlook right in saying that President Wilson has command of more political powers and material resources than any "individual *in all history*" (italics mine)? Explain what now the President has authority to do. 2. Prove from American history that the Democrats have been "proverbially committed to distrust of the concentration of power in any one man." 3. Are such authority and power as are now given President Wilson undemocratic and dangerous to American democracy? Discuss. 4. Give the leading facts of our aircraft production during the past year. 5. Name several things this production has led to. A person recently said that "no one should criticise the President and the management of the war. Such criticism is proof of disloyalty." Does the record show such criticism to be disloyalty? 6. The President insists that Congress shall not investigate "how efficiently money has been expended." He also says that "the lines should be clearly drawn between friends and opponents" of the Administration. Has the public the right to know through its representatives how its own money is spent? Is one to be put down as an "opponent" of the Administration because he questions the efficiency of an executive department? 7. Do you think the President wise to set up a distinction between "supporters" and "opponents" of *the Administration?* Is this the Administration's war, the Democratic party's war, or the war of the people of the United States? What and how much have the people the right to know about this war? 8. Are such questions as these partisan or patriotic questions? Discuss.

B. Topic: Is Germany a Civilized Nation? Germany an Economic Outlaw; The War Spirit of a Peace League.

Reference: Editorials, pages 182, 183; 184.

Questions:

1. What is civilization? 2. How do we know when an individual is civilized? A nation? 3. Give several reasons why Germany is so remote from true civilization. 4. Is Russia as remote from true civilization as Germany? The Outlook seems to think so. Discuss. 5. What is the German idea of the state as explained by The Outlook? What are the results upon the people who compose such a state? 6. What is liberty? What is it not? 7. Should the civilized nations make Germany an economic outlaw? 8. If these nations should effect the economic isolation of Germany, would this mean her ultimate destruction? Discuss at length. 9. What, in your opinion, are the most valuable things reported by "E. H. A." in his correspondence on "The War Spirit of a Peace League"? Tell why. 10. What is peace? Is it an ideal or is it a state attendant upon the achievement of an ideal? 11. What things do you want to see defeated by this war? 12. Discuss the dangers of an inconclusive peace. How prevent such a peace? 13. Read the "Menace of Peace," by G. D. Herron (Mitchell Kennerley); "Germany at Bay," by Major Macfall (Doran); "Men in War," by A. Latzko (Boni & Liveright).

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Child Labor Law Appealed.

Reference: Page 187.

Questions:

1. What classes of cases can be appealed from lower courts to Federal courts? Explain the process of appeal. 2. Look up a number of State child labor laws. Comment on the provisions of these laws. 3. What are the arguments of those who oppose the Federal Child Labor Law, and the arguments of Solicitor-General Davis in defense of the law? 4. Study the Fifth, the Tenth, and the Fourteenth Amendments. Explain those parts that relate to this topic. 5. Discuss Federal "responsibility for the establishment and maintenance of a virile citizenship." 6. Tell your opinion, with reasons, of those who oppose adequate child labor laws.

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. An intelligent person would never seriously think of sitting at a conference table with the Teutonic Huns. 2. No nation is righteous unless its people are willing to fight for righteousness.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for May 29, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words.* The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Proverbially, amenable, dictatorship (176); liable, red tape (181); oppression, compression, public ideas, uncivilized state (182); economic weapons, generalizations (183); fire-eaters, rue, excoriate, caption (184); brigandage (185); appellant, deterrent, plenary (187).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

THE NEW BOOKS

This Department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Happiest Time of Their Lives (The). By Alice Duer Miller. The Century Company, New York. $1.40.

In this story of love and social problems Mrs. Miller's characters work out in fiction the question "whether sheltered women are stronger or weaker in a crisis than their sisters who have already fought somewhat outside the stockade built around women by custom."

Holy City (The). Jerusalem II. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by Velma Swanston Howard. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $1.50.

Teepee Neighbors. By Grace Coolidge. The Four Seas Company, Boston. $1.50.

This volume includes several stories about the life of American Indians on their reservations. They are written with a friendly spirit and with a full understanding of the Indian character. The Outlook had the pleasure of printing some of these sketches in its columns.

BIOGRAPHY

In the Days of Victoria. Some Memories of Men and Things. By Thomas F. Plowman. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York. $3.

An agreeable narrative of reminiscence and comment on English men and notable events of the generation past.

My Reminiscences. By Raphael Pumpelly. Illustrated. 2 vols. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $7.50.

Two volumes of recollections ordinarily present a formidable mass of reading, but Mr. Pumpelly's life has been unusually full of stirring incidents in many lands, and his readers will find themselves rejoicing that he was blessed with a tenacious memory and has drawn so fully on its records in these books. Miner, geologist, explorer, census-maker, college professor—the author's many years of activity in all these fields give the work a background of singular interest, and this interest is sustained to the end.

HISTORY, POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND POLITICS

India and the Future. By William Archer. Illustrated. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $3.

Who has not been attracted by the large, luminous style of well-known English publicists and writers—Mr. Balfour, Lord Bryce, Lord Morley, Lord Rosebery, for example? Such style characterizes the present volume. It is worth reading for this alone. But it is also worth while for matter as well as for manner. It is a painstaking, faithful account of first-hand impressions in India by a well-known observer of men and affairs. Nowhere have we seen a finer tribute to English efficiency and efficacy in India; nowhere a more scathing indictment of the customs and superstitions of over three hundred million people, a thousand years behind the times; nowhere a more stirring appeal to those people to make themselves worthy of self-government.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Over Periscope Pond. Letters from Two American Girls in Paris. October, 1916–January, 1918. By Esther Sayles Root and Marjorie Crocker. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.

Hardly any form of information concerning foreign lands and peoples is pleasanter to read than that contained in the familiar letters written by those abroad to those at home. The present volume contains excerpts from such letters. They are letters of great simplicity, straightforward-

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The New Books (Continued)

ness, and charm. They give a vivid idea of France and of conditions there as they confront all those in the various branches which make up the American Expeditionary Force.

Memorials of a Yorkshire Parish. Being a History of Darrington in the Wapentake of Osgoldcross. By J. S. Fletcher. The John Lane Company, New York. $2.50.

The author is interested in English local history, folk-lore, and archæology. He has been for many years rector of a parish in Yorkshire, and in an agreeable and readable way he has gathered here his recollections and has recorded the results of his investigations.

WAR BOOKS

Crescent and Iron Cross. By E. F. Benson. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.25.

When the Young Turks came into power, they proclaimed that they were going to weld the Ottoman Empire into one homogeneous and harmonious whole. But by a piece of brilliant paradoxical reasoning, says Mr. Benson, Germany determined that it was she who was going to do it for them. He proceeds:

In flat contradiction of the spirit of their manifestoes, which proclaimed the Pan-Turkish ideal, she conceived and began to carry out, under their very noses, the great new chapter of the Pan-Germanic ideal. And the Young Turks did not know the difference! They mistook that lusty Teutonic changeling for their own new-born Turkish babe, and they nursed and nourished it. Amazingly it throve, and soon it cut its teeth, and one day, when they thought it was asleep, it arose from its cradle, baby no more, but a great Prussian guardsman who shouted, "*Deutschland über Allah!*"

Mr. Benson concludes that in Turkey "there is no God but backshish and the Deutsche bank is his prophet." Turkish youths are now sent to Germany instead of France for education. Mr. Benson adds: "Certainly, Prussian Gott is nearer Turkish Allah." Aside from the book's chronicle of how Turkey has practically become a German colony, another feature distinguishes it—the author's position concerning Germany's part in the Armenian massacres. He asserts that Germany did not want these massacres. "She wanted more agricultural labor, and I think that, if only for that reason, she deprecated them. But she allowed them to go on when it was in her power to stop them, and all the perfumes of Arabia cannot wash clean her hand from that stinking horror."

Over the Threshold of War. Personal Experiences of the Great European Conflict. By Nevil Monroe Hopkins. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $5.

This is distinctly an entertaining book about the war, full of anecdotes of the author's personal experiences in the early days of the great conflict. Many colored facsimiles of war placards lend a startling interest to its pages. The proceeds of the book's sales are to go to the fund of the Belgian Scholarship Committee, for the relief of Belgian scholars.

Roots of the War (The). A Non-Technical History of Europe 1870-1914 A.D. By William Stearns Davis, Ph.D., in Collaboration with William Anderson, Ph.D., and Mason W. Tyler, Ph.D. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

Plainly and clearly written. The book covers just that period in which national and international forces were at work which resulted in Germany's deliberately formed plan to rule or ruin in Europe. The author quotes in closing this study the last lines of William Watson's "To the Troubler of the Earth:"

"And not by earth shall soon he be forgiven,
Who lit the fire accursed that flames to-day."

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THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

GOVERNMENT PROVES FEASIBILITY OF LONG-DISTANCE MOTOR PARCEL POST SERVICE

The tremendous importance of good roads and motor-truck delivery were graphically emphasized by the United States Post Office Department on Wednesday, March 20, with a special parcel-post run from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to New York City. The run of 180 miles was covered by a regular parcel-post truck loaded with eggs, butter, honey, and day-old chicks in actual running time of ten hours between the two points.

The truck left the Lancaster Post Office at 4:15 A.M. It drew up at the Thirty-third Street Post Office, New York City, at just 4:17 in the afternoon, and by five o'clock the shipment had all been delivered to the consignees. This brings within a daily shipment of New York City all farms within a radius of 180 miles.

In telling of the trip at a dinner of the Motor Truck Club, New York, Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Blakeslee declared that this event was the first time in the history of the country, by freight, express, or mail, that a shipment had been made from the producer to the consumer in one day over a distance of more than one hundred miles.

"It is an epoch in the history of the United States and of the world," said Francis M. Hugo, Secretary of State of New York, in discussing the achievement at the same dinner.

"Just consider," he said, "the marvelous significance of making every producing town within 180 miles of the city a real suburb in close and practicable shipping distance." He pointed out how much it would help in solving the feeding problems, not only of New York, but of all big industrial centers, and also the tremendous benefit it would give the rural population thus put in such close contact with the consumer.

Mr. Blakeslee said the Post Office Department had found by experience in many sections of the country that a motor truck could profitably collect and deliver mail, including farm produce, from points fifty miles away within a day of twelve hours. He estimated that 1,560 such trucks could perform this service twice within each twenty-four hours on the 156,000 miles of improved road in the United States. The cost of operation would not exceed twenty cents per mile per truck. On such a basis, the cost per annum would be $19,531,200. The earnings of each truck would exceed $70 per truck per day, or $34,179,600 per annum. This estimate is based on the present rate of postage and the earnings of the 1½-ton trucks now in operation in exactly this type of service.

The truck used on the special test run from Lancaster to New York was an Autocar that has been making daily trips from the Baltimore Post Office for the past two months. It was driven by the regular postal department driver, S. David McKneil, for the entire distance.

Total stops of two hours and two minutes were taken up in the delivery of letters from the Mayor of Lancaster to the Mayors of Philadelphia, Trenton, New Brunswick, Elizabeth, Newark, Jersey City, and New York City, a stop for refreshment, and two stops to take on gasoline.

The truck carried, in addition to the driver, a checker and 1,920 pounds of mail. The total distance of 180 miles was covered with twenty gallons of gasoline.

The run was made through actual traffic conditions, passing through the heart of the business districts of all towns and cities on the route between Lancaster and Philadelphia to the Twenty-third Street Ferry wharf in Jersey City and from there to the Thirty-third Street Post Office in New York City.

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PARCEL POST TRIAL TRIP
UNITED STATES MAIL

FIRST LONG-DISTANCE DELIVERY OF FARM PRODUCE BY UNITED STATES MAIL TRUCK

TRUCKS CONNECT FARMS WITH WASHINGTON

(From the "Commercial Vehicle")

Considering the shortage of foodstuffs, the greatest problem of the near future, the Highway Transport Committee, headed by Roy Chapin, has worked out a plan for rural express services from farms to cities wherever practical. The Committee has made a special study of the conditions in Maryland and the area around Washington,

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Trucks Connect Farms with Washington (Continued)

and is arranging for rural routes to provide transportation of food for the new 100,000 inhabitants of the capital.

Questionnaires have been sent to farmers and to operators of rural express systems in Maryland. A blueprint hanging in the office of Roy Chapin shows the complete chart of the service in Maryland, displaying the motor-truck routes from Washington to Germantown, Latonville, Redland, and Ashton, an aggregate of 93 miles. Seven trucks are used, making a total daily mileage of 286 miles. Out of Baltimore there are fourteen such routes, aggregating 1,192 miles daily. The good roads of Maryland are one of the factors that stimulated the service there. Maryland has 1,500 miles of good roads, of which 300 miles are used for rural express.

The questionnaires sent out resulted in urgent requests by farmers for better roads. Many said they would go out of business if they did not have better roads to help them get their produce to market. As an example of the work done, one man operating rural service brings 400 gallons of milk and cream daily to Washington. On his return trip he takes coal and other merchandise back from the city to the farmer.

One farmer near Baltimore reported that, in addition to his regular route service, the operator in his district also handled for him 100 live hogs, 200 live sheep, and 800 bushels of wheat, and brought back to the farm 190 tons of fertilizer, eighty tons of lime, sixty-five tons of building sand, and seventy tons of coal.

One reply showing the importance of the rural express system was from a farmer who said that "without the truck it would take a man and a pair of horses two days to make the trip to Washington and back, which is now made in three hours with the truck."

The Maryland rural express systems are regulated by the Public Service Commission. The State Highway Commissioner of Maryland and the State Highway Commissioner of Virginia are preparing maps and routes showing how Washington can be served as Baltimore is.

LONG ISLAND FARMERS ORGANIZE FOR CHEAPER TRANSPORTATION

(From the "Commercial Car Journal")

The farmers of Nassau County, Long Island, New York, have launched the "Farmer to the Consumer" movement and are holding a series of meetings throughout Long Island to interest other producers of vegetables, garden products, fruits, etc. It is believed by those fathering the plan that it will be possible to inaugurate similar organizations in those sections of New Jersey, Connecticut, and New York that supply metropolitan New York. Commissioner of Public Markets Jonathan C. Day is co-operating with the farmers, and it is proposed to transport the food from the producers to the market in the most efficient and economic way, viz., by the use of commercial cars.

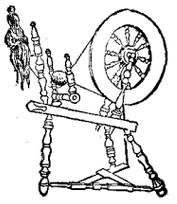
According to a most comprehensive report, dealing with the food problem of New York, and compiled by a committee appointed in April, 1917, by the Merchants' Association of that city, the demands of war and inclement weather have so handicapped the railroads that food deliveries are at present very uncertain in New York City. When it is considered that 1,323 carloads of food products are received daily at the 127 terminals in Metropolitan New York, and that the daily average of vegetables is 232 cars, it will be seen that the proposed "farmer to the consumer" movement should, with the co-operation of the city and use of motor trucks, bring about some improvement of the present conditions. . . .

Lack of capital and a shortage of practical labor are problems confronting the farmer to-day, but the chief obstacle is the unreliable marketing facilities. Farmers have been flooded with tons of literature telling them how they can make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. While this is very interesting, the farmers would much prefer to be shown how they can market the one blade before they attempt to produce the two. . . .

The motor truck is to play an important rôle in the solving of the food problem, not only in Greater New York, where food must be provided for 30,000,000 meals daily, but in all sections not self-sustaining. The establishment of regular daily scheduled motor-truck service, either by the Government, private concerns, or individuals, will tap a much-needed source of food supply. Motor trucks will be used for transporting the products of the farm to the consumer, to the public markets, railway stations, and to those plants engaged in preserving the regular and surplus production, conserving the by-products and converting the raw into edible food. Economical transportation by motor truck in the cities, for hauling from the terminals to the wholesaler and retailer, has been demonstrated. Unfortunately, increasing congestion, traffic and terminal, has handicapped these carriers in New York.

There is another factor, the influence of which is bound to make itself felt before long, and that is the tractor. Already one large manufacturer of farm tractors has begun an educational campaign in the territory serving Greater New York with food products. With the tractor making possible increased production, and with the motor truck economically transporting the product, it would appear that the solution of New York's food problem would lie in the co-operation of the Federal, State, and City departments in providing adequate terminal facilities and wholesale markets; that is, if the farmer is to be encouraged to increase crop production.

New Lingerie *for* Summer *at* McCutcheon's



Reg. Trade-Mark

A wonderful display of French Underwear, Hand-Embroidered and Lace-trimmed, which we have just received, is being offered at very special prices.

Gowns of sheer Nainsook, dainty Embroidery, some Lace-trimmed—**$3.50, 3.75, 4.25, 4.50, 5.50 to 37.50.**

***Chemises*—$1.50, 1.75, 2.25, 2.50, 3.75 up.**

***Drawers*—$1.10, 1.25, 1.75, 2.25, 3.75 up.**

***Corset Covers*—$1.25, 1.50, 2.25, 3.75 up.**

***Envelope Chemises*—$1.75, 2.25, 2.75, 3.75 up.**

We also have a variety of dainty Embroidery and Lace-trimmed Bridal sets of Hand-made Linen and real Val-trimming. Suitable for the June Bride.

Fine Philippine Lingerie

All on fine Nainsook, very dainty Embroidery, some with fine Val edges.

***Gowns*—$1.95, 2.50, 2.95, 3.25, 4.25 to 6.75.**

***Envelope Chemises*—$2.25, 3.00, 3.75 to 6.75.**

Domestic Gowns, Tailored, Embroidered and Lace-trimmed—**$1.50, 1.75, 2.25 and 2.95.**

Fine Crepe Gowns, Picot edge—**$1.25.**

***Envelope Chemises*—$1.50, 1.95, 3.25.**

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BY THE WAY

"Why is it," says E. A. Ross in discussing Russian character in the "Century," "that your great writers portray the woman as the stronger character?" The question was addressed to an eminent Russian literary woman. She answered: "They simply pictured Russian life as they found it." The curious lack of chivalry on the part of Russian men is perhaps a result of this state of things. "Never," says Professor Ross, "did I see a Russian man in a tramcar rise and offer his seat to a woman, although I *did* see a woman offer her seat to a rosy-cheeked seminarist; and the budding priest took it!"

A Japanese resident of Vancouver recently enlisted in a British Columbia battalion, and, before going to the front, wished to sell a small marine engine. He wrote to a possible purchaser, as reported in the Vancouver "World," the following letter. Its English may be unidiomatic, but it makes his meaning clear and his spirit infectious: "I was educated in most excellent high school in Japan, and in high hope of my condition bettering made my resolution and embarked for this nation. But things do not find themselves thus. Bad time eventuated. I sell hull of boat engine I possess. I have signal honor to fight for this land and am distributing my property before I depart to encounter common foe, dam Hun, excuse me I beseech you my colloquial phraseology. Price 95 dollars. Ask for K—— T——, private."

The man who feels that he has important ideas about the war and who thereupon writes to the Government at Washington on the subject might save letter paper and officials' time by consulting a bulletin that is daily posted up in the 56,000 post offices of the country. This "Official U. S. Bulletin" gives important rulings, decisions, orders, etc., and it is said that a little study of it would make most of the correspondence with which the Departments are deluged unnecessary. Hundreds of clerks who are now occupied in answering these letters could then be put to more productive work.

Pronouns and their definitions as the Army understands them are quoted in a camp journal as follows: I—the rookie; You—the sergeant; He—the colonel; We—the gang; They—the Huns; It—the war; His—what the Kaiser will get; Theirs—what the Huns will get.

The recent Red Cross sale at Christie's famous auction rooms in London had as its most remarkable incident, perhaps, the sale of a blank canvas for 650 guineas ($3,300). The well-known artist Richard Jack had promised to paint upon it, without charge, the portrait of one of the war's heroes, Colonel Lancelot Robson, who defended West Hartlepool when that town was bombarded by the Germans.

A young philologist in a college paper, when asked for a definition of "nut," replied in verse:

"When you've bats in your belfry that flut,
When your 'comprenez-vous' rope is cut,
When you've nobody home
In the top of your dome,
Then your head's not a head—it's a nut."

Concerning the article "The Peril of Thinking in Billions," in The Outlook of April 17, a subscriber writes: "We have grown so accustomed to hearing 'billions' that a billion dollars now seems nothing like as large an amount as a hundred millions sounded before the war. To get the idea of a billion, try this experiment. A minute is a short space of time—now answer quickly, How many minutes have elapsed from the birth of Christ to Christmas, 1917? Some guessers say, 'Fifty billions'—'A hundred billions.' The fact is that (even allowing for seven extra years—the chronologists say Christ was born 7 B.C.) only one billion eleven million and some odd thousand minutes have elapsed."

A heart of stone might be moved by the following advertisement in a New York daily paper—but probably the automobile thief's heart is case-hardened:

Will party who took my Mitchell cabriolette automobile from Battery Place on Saturday be kind enough to at least return handbag which was under rear deck. This bag contains papers and memoranda of no value to any one but myself. Ship by express, *collect if necessary*. —— ——, Battery Place, N. Y. C.

An epigram attributed to Congressman Gallivan has a mixture of cynicism, humor, and truth: "Rum has more enemies in public and more friends in private than any other substance the world has ever known."

In less than a year the United States Government has become the greatest life-insuring agency in the country. Since last October it has written insurance amounting to more than $14,000,000,000—almost one-half the total amount of outstanding life insurance carried by all the insurance companies in the land. Ninety-two per cent of our soldiers and sailors, it is reported, have taken out the Government's policies.

Black walnut for gun stocks and other military uses is a wood that is now in great demand, and President Wilson has requested the Boy Scouts to locate and report black walnut trees. James E. West, Chief Scout Executive, asks the boys to see that five walnut trees are planted for every one that is cut down to supply the existing urgent need.

Recently, a subscriber writes, a seven-year-old of Pasadena, California, after his usual nightly petitions remained silent for a few moments without rising, and then added: "O Lord, make the Kaiser good. We don't *want* the Kaiser dead, but if you can't make him good, *kill him*."

The Fortress of SS. Peter and Paul, in Petrograd, has an evil reputation as the former place of imprisonment of many of Russia's idealists, including Prince Kropotkin and Madame Breshkovsky; but one blot on its scutcheon is removed by an illustrated article in the London "Sphere." The article reproduces a painting by the Russian artist Flavitsky, showing a beautiful woman standing on her bed in a cell in this prison, seeking to escape the rising waters of a flood that threatens her life. This was the Princess Tarakanova, who had incurred the enmity of Catherine the Great. The tradition is that she was drowned, by order of the Empress, during the inundation of 1777. The "Sphere," however, shows that she died of tuberculosis, two years before the flood swept through the fortress. Thus this gloomy prison and the great Empress are relieved of one of the tragedies with which they have been associated.

The following definition of "poetry," which won a prize of fifty dollars, is printed in "The Writer." It is by Annie L. Laney, of Providence, Rhode Island:

"The magic light that springs
From the deep soul of things
When, called by their true names,
Their essence is set free;
The word, illuminate,
Showing the soul's estate,
Baring the hearts of men!
Poetry!"

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